

THE READER'S DIGEST



"AN ARTICLE A DAY" FROM LEADING
MAGAZINES—EACH ARTICLE OF ENDURING
VALUE AND INTEREST, IN CONDENSED,
PERMANENT BOOKLET FORM



MAY 1923

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EDITORS

DeWitt Wallace

Lila Bell Acheson

H. J. Cubberley

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A Fundamental Need of Our Civilization

Condensed from *The Delineator* (June '23)

Fielding H. Yost

MACHINERY as a substitute for muscle has solved many of humanity's problems, but it has created others in their stead. And in order that mankind may derive the fullest benefits from our constantly improving civilization, we must bear in mind certain fundamental facts. Foremost among these is that the human body remains the same machine that it always was. Food, sleep, fresh air, water and exercise are no less necessary in the twentieth century than they were in the Stone Age. Exercise, however much it may be reduced as an adjunct to gaining a livelihood, must ever remain essential to physical growth and to the preservation of the mature body in a healthy condition. There is no substitute for exercise. The more we reduce physical toil, the more certainly we must supply its equivalent in the form of a recreational program.

This is a new problem. Our forefathers developed their bodies by work. Until comparatively recently, the scheme of existence was such that men and women, and boys and girls as well, were required to per-

form a large amount of physical labor. There were few exceptions. From the dawn of history to this age of machinery and electricity man, using this word in the generic sense to include woman, has literally been earning his bread by the sweat of his brow.

There have been in all ages, it is true, certain wealthy classes who have escaped menial tasks. But their number has been limited. The few that did not work found their pleasure largely in vigorous sports and their vocation in the stern game of war, so that they did not lack for exercise. It is a fact known to every reader of history that when any people has developed too large a percentage of idlers, that people has been destroyed.

America was settled and developed by a race of workers. For many years it had a very small leisure class. The Southern slave-owner did little work with his hands, but he was a most ardent sportsman. The millionaires of yesterday were usually men who had won the beginnings of their fortunes with their hands.

Their sons, inheriting a strong constitution, frequently inherited also a love of vigorous sport.

Within the last 25 years there has been a complete transformation in our industrial and social life, due to the influence of labor-saving inventions and so-called "efficiency" methods. People in moderate circumstances now have luxuries and comforts that the emperors of former centuries never dreamed of. The automobile, which is now owned by hundreds of families where only one boasted a "horse and buggy" in the olden days, has reduced walking to a minimum. Modern plumbing has eliminated that hated chore of going to the well. The vacuum cleaner and the washing machine have largely supplanted the broom and the washboard. The telephone has cut down the running of errands, and also the making of calls, which formerly involved some physical exertion. The gas-range has relieved the housewife of the labor of putting wood or coal on her fire. Her son no longer is asked to exert himself by chopping and carrying wood or bringing up coal from the cellar.

The prototypes of those "rich" families that had a horse and buggy find their labors greatly lightened by the substitution of the automobile. Old Dobbin had to be fed and watered and bedded down and harnessed and unharnessed. Riding a horse is splendid exercise. But what son would have dared to ask his father for the privilege of driving or riding to school if the distance was only a matter of 5 miles or so? The idea would have been preposterous. Nowadays the boys and girls expect to be taken in the automobile or allowed to drive it themselves if the school is only 5 blocks away.

In the purely feminine occupation of housekeeping, the changes have been as great as anywhere else. The preparation of meals has been greatly simplified by the large variety of excellent canned or preserved foods. Ba-

ker's bread has almost entirely supplanted the home-baked variety. Milk and butter, which so many families formerly had from their cows, are supplied by big dairies and creameries.

There is still a great deal of manual labor done in America, of course, but it is not always the kind that makes for well-balanced physical development and the preservation of health. This is strictly the age of specialization. The old-time craftsman has almost disappeared, and in his place has come a laborer who performs one machine operation constantly. Frequently this involves little real "elbow grease." The terrible monotony of the work makes it more than ever necessary to supply a physical program of a diverting nature during the leisure hours.

The percentage of persons living to reach maturity is constantly increasing, and will increase as science advances; but the average physical fitness at maturity will show a depreciation unless we recognize that things once taken as a matter of course must now be supplied in a systematic and studied way. Our problem today is to plan and carry out a physical-training program to furnish the exercise that was once an incidental but inevitable part of nearly every one's life.

The fact that exercise has two distinct purposes—first, to build up the body during the first score of years, and second, to preserve health in the mature body—should be kept constantly in mind. One can not expect to retain health, even upon an excellent foundation, without continuing to exercise. And it is a well known fact, also, that exercise in the fresh air will brighten the mind and relieve mental fatigue much more readily than any amount of sedentary diversion. The brain-worker who would succeed must pay strict attention to his program of physical training.

Checking the Alien Tide

Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post (May 5, '23)

Isaac F. Marcossou

ONE thing is certain: The whole country is thinking about immigration and is beginning to revise the old sentimental feeling. Twenty years ago there was practically a unanimous feeling that the United States was the haven of the oppressed. The melting-pot idea was a glib asset of the orator. Today all that is changed. Save among the interests that either prey or profit on unrestricted immigration, everywhere you get the reaction that drastic restriction is essential to our national well-being. Let me quote one of the ablest of living Americans:

"Immigration is a matter of biology pure and simple. The problem is to get a racial stock that can best be absorbed in the laboratory that is American democracy. The melting pot is a joke. It has never been more than a phrase. The United States can no longer be the asylum for social and political refugees. We want no more surpluses from the slums of Europe. What we do want is workers, and, moreover, those who are assimilable. The best basis for any future quota system is the census of 1890, because we need the hardy stocks of Northwest Europe, not those whose sole desire is to get a financial stake and then return to their own countries with a thin veneer of Americanism. Because business happens to be good at the moment, the big manufacturers are crying for a more generous quota of imported common labor. They cannot see that there would be an inevitable reaction with unemployment."

A second basic idea was expressed by a man who deals daily with every phase of immigration: "The United

States is very much like a huge club into which aliens wish to enter. In a club we make a sort of moral survey of every applicant for membership. In the case of the alien this observation should also be physical. It is absurd to delay the real test until he gets to America. The censorship should be at the source of supply. Every applicant should stand on his own bottom, as it were, and not have his case prejudiced by a friendly board of governors, which in this case must be construed as congressmen and others who have the political power to influence the decision of the immigration authorities. Both the tariff and immigration should be taken out of politics."

A third and equally elemental point is that of the eugenicist: "The importation into America from Europe of any domestic animal that is not pedigreed is greatly handicapped by legislation. We should take the same care to secure high quality in our human breeding stock as we do in the breeding stock of the lower animals. This policy should lead the immigration and consular services to inquire into the earlier history of each immigrant, to judge whether or not the immigrant is a probable carrier of hereditary defects, such as feeble-mindedness, insanity or epilepsy. No passport to an immigrant should have the visa of a United States consul without some knowledge of the early history and the family stock of the applicant for admission."

With the conservation of the physical being must go the bulwarking of the national structure. The attitude is best explained by a widely known publicist, who merely voiced the

opinion of the man in the street throughout the United States. "The root of the immigration problem lies in the attitude of most aliens. It is foreign to American principles. According to the Department of Justice records 90 per cent of all the agitation in the United States is due to aliens. From the Haymarket Riot in Chicago down through the horrible massacre at Herrin, you find the impress of the undesirable foreigner. He is the prize fomentor of trouble.

"Analyze the statistics and you find the reason. About 8,000,000 foreigners, many of them long resident in this country, have made no attempt to become naturalized. They cling to their native language, customs and what is more destructive, their native state of mind. In 1920, 40 per cent of the aliens who came in were classified as having no occupation. The principal occupation of many of them was to stir up strife. The only aliens that we want are workers. From 1907 to 1914 about 25 per cent of the male influx were farm laborers. In 1920 only 6 per cent came under this head, and the percentage is growing smaller all the time. In other words, during the past 20 years only 4,000,000 out of the 15,000,000 who landed on our shores have been of the class of immigrants that helped to make this country great and prosperous.

"The United States and its ideals can be perpetuated only by a fused, intelligent and assimilated people. If we try to govern with segregated populations — and the tendency among unassimilated foreigners is to segregate—we are doomed to unrest and failure. Self-preservation demands a minimum of immigration. That minimum must first be selected and then welded into the life of the republic. We can have no diluted citizenship."

A favorite point made in favor of letting down the bars is that young America, whether the son of the foreign born or the native, will not condescend to manual work. Much to

my surprise, I discovered a large body of opinion which believes that with proper inducement we can make it attractive financially and otherwise for the young American to work with his hands. One of the wisest and sanest of American labor leaders said: "There is not the slightest reason why we cannot build up a definite manual-labor class among young Americans. The American plasterer and carpenter get as much as many bank presidents 25 years ago. Therefore the only objection to handwork is the dangerous idea incorporated in the words 'social class.' But social class never got anybody anywhere. I believe that through a campaign of education we can even develop a pick-and-shovel class among Americans. If we can convince the American that he can make more with the pick and shovel than in an office, we shall be able to dispense with immigration entirely. Put an American in a trench and he can do more work than 3 Italians or 5 Japanese. It is simply because he uses his head as well as his hands.

"There is just as much opportunity for advancement here as elsewhere. The good digger can become a foreman, and he in time can rise to be superintendent, with a chance later to become a boss contractor. The majority of the big builders and contractors in the United States have risen from the ranks.

"One solution of this pressing problem is to teach trades in the public schools. There is not enough of the practical in American education. The trouble all along has been that plastering or plumbing or pipe laying are looked upon as dirty work. I am confident that if a start is made in making young America work with its hands, whether in ditch or in factory, it will have surprisingly good results."

Here is a concrete instance in New York City during the very week that I write this article. On the theory that the rush for the so-called white-collar jobs is a distinct menace to

prosperity and that healthy outdoor work with better pay is far preferable to anchorage at an office desk, the West Side Y. M. C. A. established a school to teach bricklaying, plumbing, tile setting, electric wiring, carpentering and other lines of the building trades. There was such a rush of office clerks that the instructors almost overnight had capacity classes. Other branches of the Y. M. C. A. in New York City are taking up this same kind of education with equally gratifying results. It all goes to prove that the attitude towards work in the United States is in a process of significant transition.

The greatest manufacturer of automobiles in the world said to me: "I believe in putting up the bars and keeping them up. There is no reason why American industry should worry about pick-and-shovel men. Within ten years practically all the so-called dirty work will be done by machinery. We shall be able to dig cellars, tunnels and subways with mechanical devices. So, too, with the farms. If we are to have immigration let it be of the type of the old pioneers, those who came here with the idea of developing the country and not hindering it."

Of course, the fundamental qualification of immigrants should be the desire for work. Yet you have only to go to Ellis Island to find this idea is remote from the minds—or the vacuums labeled minds—of most immigrants. Out of one group of 600 aliens cross-examined last January, exactly 20 expressed an intention to go to work with their hands. The other 580 wanted to become peddlers, join family groups and develop into loiterers on the outskirts of business. Examine any chart showing the distribution of our immigrant population and you find practically one-third of the foreign born have settled in New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania. As one observer says: "This herding together of large foreign populations in cities

tends to racial grouping in which the language and customs of the race are preserved and it makes Americanization a slow and difficult process. These people dwell in this country, but they are not a part of it."

There is no mystery about the right kind of immigration. This country owes a good portion of its prosperity to the hardy aliens who came to us from the British Isles, Scandinavia, France, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland and Germany. When this Northern Europe tide was streaming in it carried no excess baggage in the shape of radicalism. Its principal motive was the hunger for home and occupation. Nine out of every 10 men whom I interviewed from coast to coast were emphatic in wanting a return to this old type of immigrants. A composite expression is: "We want the peoples of Northern Europe, who by experience are an agricultural stock. They could begin their habitation on the farms and by their thrift and energy become a contented rural population. We have enough, perhaps more than enough, of the peoples from Southern Europe, Russia and Poland. There is little danger of overimmigration of the British, French, Germans, Swiss and Scandinavians, for they have made America what she is."

Scores with whom I talked pointed to Canada's system of recruiting labor, especially for the farms, in foreign countries to meet specific demands. Under this Canadian system the alien undergoes a careful scrutiny, and when he lands he is ready to fit into a definite place. It is the antidote for segregation.

Here is the opinion of one of the most eminent of American educators: "My own preference is for selective immigration. I would have treaties entered into between the United States and other countries that would insure the cooperation of our Government with other governments in selecting on grounds of physical, mental and moral fitness those immi-

grants who should be permitted freely to enter the United States.

"The present law is unsound in theory. If we already have 1,000,000 immigrants from an undesirable source we may admit under the law 30,000 more from that same undesirable source; whereas if we have 1,000 immigrants from a highly desirable source we may admit only 30 more from that same desirable source."

This point of view was echoed by an expert on immigration: "I see no reason for admitting 27,000 Poles into the United States every year because 27,000 happens to be 3 per cent of the number of Poles who lived in this country during the census of 1910. This is why I maintain that the 2 per cent plan based on the census of 1890, which failed of passage in the last Congress, should have been adopted. So far as aliens are concerned we had a preponderance of desirable peoples from Northern Europe under the 1890 enumeration."

Upon another phase of immigration most representatives of big business agree: It is for a more adequate distribution of desirable aliens once they land in the United States. The following comment, typical of many, is to the point: "I feel that the Government should have some voice in the distribution of aliens. In selecting immigrants abroad it should be made known to them before they start what local needs in America are. They can then decide whether they want to go to the wheat and corn fields of the Middle West, the cotton plantations of the South, the coal mines of West Virginia and Pennsylvania or the textile mills of New England. My suggestion is that this work be done by a bureau of supervision with headquarters in Washington. By this plan the alien

could get satisfactory living and working conditions, and a more contented citizenship would be the result."

Sum up American opinion regarding immigration and it is clear that the whole national point of view has undergone a healthy change. The tendency everywhere is for drastic restriction in numbers and with it a selective system that will not only weed out the undesirables at the source of supply, but apply the acid test of fitness to assimilate our ideals of life and work. The alien must learn the difference between liberty and license.

The quota plan now in operation is an emergency measure and operative only until 1924. By that time its benefits and defects will have pointed the way to a system that will take cognizance of emigration and give a satisfactory net total. Already the character of the incoming tide has improved. Between July first of last year and January 1, 1923, more immigrants from Northern and Western Europe came in than during the preceding 12 months.

For the last I have reserved the suggestion of a level-headed American:

"Immigration legislation will continue more or less haphazard until it is put into the hands of a small and competent group of men of the type of Herbert Hoover and Charles G. Dawes, who have no political axes to grind and who are not afraid to face race questions or ruffle foreign feelings. They could frame an air-tight and scientific law that would meet every requirement and at the same time safeguard American institutions. It would mean the Americanization of America."

Allow me to say it is the very best magazine that comes to my desk, the one most thoroughly read, and the one that is the greatest help to me in my work.—Dev. Thomas Harry Derick, 162 Bridge St., Corning, N. Y.

Planting Trees to Serve Our Children

Condensed from *The World's Work* (May '23)

Lewis Edwin Theiss

BETWEEN the years of 1870 and 1890, the state of Pennsylvania was the greatest logging camp in the world, supplying the bulk of the lumber of the United States. Today, that state produces barely enough timber to make coffins for the Pennsylvanians who die. Throughout the nation as a whole the situation is not much better. Four-fifths of our original forests have been destroyed. In the area that remains, we are cutting timber four times as fast as it is growing.

What is worse, we are not merely cutting the timber; we are destroying the forests. Of the 28,000,000 acres in Pennsylvania that were once covered with the densest stands of the finest timber in the world, 13,000,000 are naturally forest land—rough, rugged mountain land that can never be farmed and that is fit for nothing but the production of timber. Today six of these thirteen million acres are absolute desert, as bare and unproductive as Sahara itself. Not only is the forest gone, but the very soil itself has vanished, leaving nothing but the bare rocks, on which nothing will grow. This denuded area is as large as the states of Rhode Island and Connecticut combined. And in the nation the forest area thus changed to an appalling desert now equals a space almost 14 times as vast as the combined area of Rhode Island and Connecticut. And every year it is growing larger. Our generation will see the day when wood is as scarce as coal was last winter.

The rise in the price of lumber within recent years is almost past belief, and it will continue to mount steadily. At the same time, the price of furniture and of wooden

articles is also certain to climb upward. But there is a far more disturbing factor. What happens when the water-sheds are denuded of timber? The spring rains run off like water from a tin roof. Disastrous floods follow. Then, if the season happens to be a dry one, like last summer, come equally disastrous droughts. Last fall, we folks in Pennsylvania had a hard time to get water. Thousands of farmers had to haul water from distant sources for domestic use and for cattle. Cities and towns by the score were out of water, or so nearly out that water was allowed to be drawn from the mains only during brief periods each day. Moreover, it was necessary for the railroads to organize water trains to try to keep the mines supplied with water. Many mines closed, or worked part time, because they couldn't get water. And every train that hauled water meant just one less train to haul coal.

We might have foreseen — should have foreseen—these things, had we listened to the voice of one crying in the wilderness. "Conserve! Conserve! You are squandering your greatest heritage as a nation!" The prophet was Gifford Pinchot, fighting Ballingerism, to save for the nation its priceless stands of timber. And we replied, as people traditionally do to prophets. "Crucify him!" So Uncle Sam's chief forester was retired because he dared to tell the truth.

Pinchot came home to Pennsylvania and bided his time. In due course came a Governor, William C. Sproul, who also loved the forests, and whose sense of fitness led him to appoint Gifford Pinchot Chief Forester. He found that the Forestry Department

had been mismanaged, that the office end of it had been run by politicians, while the field end had been neglected, and the field force discouraged.

Pinchot went into the woods. His field force soon found that he was no swivel-chair forester. No ranger could out-hike him, out-climb him, out-fish him, knew more of woodcraft, or was better able to care for himself in the wilds.

While Gifford Pinchot was getting acquainted with the million and a quarter acres of state forest, and winning the loyal cooperation of his fellow forest workers, he was also planning a constructive program. He believed that the state should own outright at least 5,000,000 acres of forest land. Much of the land he wanted to secure was located on mountain slopes and high plateaus above the headwaters of streams, where timber stands directly affected the stream flow. And most of this land was denuded of timber. Practically all of this land could be bought for an average price of \$2.27 an acre, and Pinchot asked the state for \$25,000,000 to buy and improve this land. Only so, he said, would Pennsylvania ever again produce lumber in quantity. And almost more important than the timber was the fact that reforestation would insure abundant water supplies for all time to come. That means water-power as well as water to drink.

The legislature would not vote the money. With characteristic directness, Pinchot took the matter to the people. Day after day, he traveled about the state, speaking to audiences. No politician working for political aggrandizement could have labored harder than Pinchot worked to save the forests of Pennsylvania. He told his hearers they were already paying every year in freight charges on lumber brought into Pennsylvania as much as the entire sum he asked for; that they would continue to pay this enormous sum year after year; and that when the Southern pine was gone and all our lumber came from

the far West, the yearly freight tax would be enormously higher. He showed that reforestation was the best business proposition imaginable. During the years that Pennsylvania has been a forest owner, the state forest lands, bought at an average price of \$2.27 an acre, have reached a value conservatively estimated at \$10.88 an acre. With five million acres of forest land, the state would have what was virtually an educational endowment. A very conservative estimate places the annual net income per acre at \$6, 40 years hence when these lands are in full production. The probabilities are that it will be much greater. Even at \$6 an acre, the net income from 5,000,000 acres would be \$30,000,000—or more than 100 per cent interest annually on the sum needed to buy the land.

Under the state law, all income from the state forests goes to educational purposes. With 5,000,000 acres of state forest lands in full production, Pennsylvania's public schools would be endowed forever. This would mean not only saving this heavy tax on the people, but it would mean the saving of \$25,000,000 annual freight charges on lumber brought from distant sources.

Now it happened that the common people heard Pinchot gladly. The sound of many voices began to percolate to the legislative halls at Harrisburg. The legislature voted the unprecedented sum of \$1,000,000 for forest protection. The legislature didn't know statesmanship when it saw it, but the common people did. They knew a Daniel came to judgment when they saw him. And when the opportunity came they elected the Chief Forester to be the Chief Executive of the state. With his influence as governor behind the matter, there is little doubt that the state will vote for a bond issue and begin the reforestation of its forests on a large scale, in anticipation of the urgent needs of our children and our children's children.

Aristotle: Master Mind of 300 B. C.

Condensed from *Life and Letters* (Mar. '23)

Will Durant, Ph.D.

WHEN, in the fifty-third year of his age, Aristotle established his school, the Lyceum, so many students flocked to him that it became necessary to make complicated regulations for the maintenance of order. The students themselves determined the rules, and elected, every ten days, one of their number to supervise the school. But we must not think of it as a place of rigid discipline; rather the picture which comes down to us is of scholars eating their meals in common with the master, and learning from him as he and they strolled up and down the walk along the athletic field from which the Lyceum took its name.

The Lyceum was devoted above all to biology and the natural sciences. Alexander instructed his hunters, gamekeepers, gardeners and fishermen to furnish Aristotle with all the zoological and botanical material he might desire; and at one time we are told that he had at his disposal a thousand men scattered throughout Greece and Asia, collecting for him specimens of the fauna and flora of every land. With this wealth of material he was enabled to establish the first great zoological garden that the world had seen.

Where did Aristotle derive the funds to finance these undertakings? He was himself a man of spacious income; and he had married into the fortune of one of the most powerful public men in Greece. It is related that Alexander gave Aristotle, for equipment and research, the sum of 800 talents (some \$4,000,000). Such works as the digest of 158 political constitutions, drawn up for Aristotle, indicate a considerable corps of aides and secretaries. In short we have

here the first example of the large-scale financing of science by public wealth. What knowledge would we not win if modern states were to support research on a proportionately lavish scale!

Yet we should do Aristotle injustice if we were to ignore the almost fatal limitations of equipment which accompanied these unprecedented resources and facilities. Of all our mathematical, optical and physical instruments he possessed only the rule and compass, together with the most imperfect substitutes for some few others. Moreover, all the facts on which the physical theories of modern science are based were wholly, or almost wholly, undiscovered. Indeed, it was in industrial and technical invention that Greece fell furthest below the general standard of its unparalleled achievements. Perhaps the very cheapness of slaves made invention lag; muscle was still less costly than machines. So Aristotle could seldom appeal to experiment; the best he could do was to achieve an almost universal and continuous observation. Nevertheless the vast body of data gathered by him and his assistants became the groundwork of the progress of science, the text-book of knowledge for 2,000 years; one of the wonders of the works of man.

Aristotle's writings ran into the hundreds. Some ancient authors credit him with a thousand volumes. What remains is but a part, and yet it is a library in itself—conceive the scope and grandeur of the whole. There are, first, the Logical works, dealing with correct thinking: "Categories," "Topics," "Prior" and "Posterior Analytics," "Propositions," and

"Sophistical Refutations." Secondly, there are the Scientific works: "Physics," "On the Heavens," "Growth and Decay," "Meteorology," "Natural History," "On the Soul," "The Parts of Animals," "The Movements of Animals," and "The Generation of Animals." There are, thirdly, the Esthetic works: "Rhetoric," and "Poetics." And fourthly, the more strictly Philosophical works: "Ethics," "Politics," and "Metaphysics." Here, evidently, is the Encyclopedia of Greece: every problem under the sun and about it finds a place. Here is such a synthesis of knowledge and theory as no man would ever achieve again till Spencer's day, and even then not half so magnificently; here was a conquest of the world. If philosophy is the quest of unity Aristotle deserves the high name that 20 centuries gave him—The Philosopher.

Aristotle built the terminology of science and philosophy; we can hardly speak of any science today without employing terms which he invented; they lie like fossils in the strata of our speech: faculty, mean, maxim, category, energy, actuality, motive, end, principle, form—these indispensable coins of philosophic thought were minted in his mind.

Aristotle, almost without predecessors, almost entirely by his own hard thinking, created a new science—Logic, the art and method of correct thinking. It is a science because to a considerable extent the processes of right thinking can be reduced to rules like physics and geometry, and taught to any normal mind; it is an art because by practice it gives to thought, at last, that unconscious accuracy which guides the fingers of the pianist over his instrument.

Before Aristotle, science was in embryo; with him it was born. Earlier civilizations than the Greek explained every obscure operation in nature by some supernatural agency; everywhere there were gods. It is one of the many glories of Aristotle that we was broad and brave enough to bring

together a magnificent body of organized science.

Aristotle was born in 384 B. C. His father was physician to Amyntas, King of Macedon and grandfather of Alexander. He studied under Plato, who recognized the greatness of his pupil. Aristotle spent money lavishly on the collection of books (manuscripts); he was the first, after Euripides, to gather together a library, and the foundation of the principles of library classification was among his many contributions to scholarship. Some biographers tell us that Aristotle founded a school of oratory. Later, Philip, King of Macedon, called Aristotle to the court at Pella, to undertake the education of Alexander. It bespeaks the rising repute of our philosopher that the greatest monarch of the time, looking about for the greatest teacher, should single out Aristotle to be the tutor of the future master of the world. Philip was determined that his son should have every educational advantage, for he had made for him illimitable designs. His people were vigorous peasants and warriors, as yet unspolled by city luxury and vice; here was the combination that would make possible the subjugation of a hundred petty city-states and the political unification of Greece. Philip had no sympathy with the individualism that had fostered the art and intellect of Greece but had at the same time disintegrated her social order; in all these little capitals he saw not the exhilarating culture and the unsurpassable art, but the commercial corruption and the political chaos; he saw insatiable merchants and bankers absorbing the vital resources of the nation, incompetent politicians and clever orators misleading a busy populace into disastrous plots and wars, factions cleaving classes and congealing into castes; Philip said he would bring the hand of order down upon this turmoil, and make all Greece stand up united and strong as the political center and basis of the world.... Problems not so very dissimilar to those confronting governments today! And perhaps we should now have more adequate solutions to these problems had the world, during the past 2000 years, been able to produce more men of the mental calibre of Aristotle, of whom Plato said, "He is Intelligence Personified."

Leadership in Our Public Officials

Condensed from *The North American Review* (May '23)

Cornelia James Cannon

WHAT chance is there for intelligent leadership in a nation which has no great respect for the expert? In modern civilization, government has need for the best talent we have. Amiability gives no guarantee of ability to regulate the coal industry with fairness to all concerned. Fervid campaign oratory holds no promise of powers able to cope with transportation problems. Wisdom alone can help us find a way out of the tangles. And yet mediocrity is found in high places. The wonder seems to be, not that we get along so badly, but that we get along at all. In much of our political life we seem neither to ask nor to receive help from the wise men in our midst. And we suffer the manifold penalties incident to the process of voting which is actually largely an emotional process. We mark our ballots for the good fellow, the plausible speaker, the likeable individual. We pass the expert by. He is apt to be interested in ideas, with neither the time nor the inclination to cultivate the particular qualities characterizing a good vote-getter. Sanitary engineers, bridge builders, road makers, administrators, executives can seldom qualify as soap-box orators or "glad hand" artists.

In appointive positions we do sometimes obtain abilities of the first order. Men of such calibre shrink from the ordeal of running for office, but are inspired by the opportunity for putting their talents at the service of the country. Our scientific departments at Washington are an example of the possibilities of excellent selection in a democratic society.

The effectiveness of the civil service may lead to the extension of that

service to still more important branches of government. Why should we not elect our mayors from a list of candidates, certified by a civil service commission as possessing the requisite technical training and ability for the onerous task? The function of a municipality is in reality that of a business organization designed to give service. Canvassing skill is not a prerequisite to such responsibilities. A business which handed over its management each year to the individual in its force who could command the most votes would have no assurance of striking a balance at the end of the year. The only reason our cities, so managed, do not become bankrupt is because the taxpayer must settle the account, no matter how extortionate it may be. Until we develop enough intelligence to trace the relations between inefficiency in government, extravagant taxes, and the high cost of living we shall go on electing the good mixers to have direction and control of our mutual responsibilities.

The great majority of people in this country undoubtedly want good public schools, and yet over and over again that same majority elects to school boards individuals entirely unsuited to the accomplishment of this desired end. Such mental obtuseness is a terrible handicap to the community. We need to train ourselves in nice discrimination, to force ourselves to see the connection between the service we wish to have performed and the ability of the person we are selecting to do the task, before we abandon hope of being able to find sterling leadership among our chosen officials.

What is the secret of the success

of those public officials who have achieved marked improvements and radical reforms? The characteristic common to them all seems to have been their ability to make the public partners in their effort. They have made confidants of the people on the assumption that the citizen was both the authority and beneficiary of any change. Roosevelt's clarion call to rescue our heritage before it was too late, roused the whole nation to protect its forests and mines and waterways for the benefit of generations yet to come.

If our officials could disseminate among the general population such enlightenment as they have, their ideas would stand a good chance of functioning. Ignorant as some of those who represent us are, most of us are more ignorant still, and could profit by such guidance as they could give us. If we could know, as a people, as much about truancy as our most ill-equipped truant officer, what a pressure of enthusiasm we could put behind the work of our playground commissioners! If our school nurses could make us see as they do the ramifying effect of bad teeth on the lives of the children of the poor, the movement for free dental clinics would receive an impetus that would be irresistible.

The responsibilities of the official and the public are mutual. The official must be companioned by the every day citizen, who is both the subject and the object of his efforts. He must feel in him his friend and counsellor, the helper in the arduous task, the comrade in the daily struggle for happier living, the source of his truest inspiration and his only sure strength.

The enemy to the man with a vision is the daily routine of the job, which so often engulfs the official. If he becomes swallowed up in the es-

sential details of his task, he may have the satisfaction that comes from doing a small work well, but he loses what gift for leadership he may have had. Unless he can use his daily performance of duty as a guide for the reduction of the maladjustments which called his office into being, the true meaning of his function slips him.

A city superintendent of ash-collection might seem a mere routinist, but the selection and invention of methods of making the collection as little objectionable to the passer-by as possible, for educating the householder to do his part properly, should be immediate, inevitable corollaries of an obvious daily duty. But an official, who had imagination and capacity for leadership, might enlarge his function, teach the citizens fuel conservation, educate the public to an appreciation of the economy and utility of large central heating plants, demonstrate the use of types of fuel varied to meet different climatic conditions, encourage the holding of exhibits for all kinds of heating devices, and deal fundamentally with a responsibility so apparently simple as taking ashes from the sidewalk to the dump.

It is only when the true leader and expert appears that we realize of what we are capable and the fair possibilities in a democratic society. Roosevelt's genius for leadership revealed to us a capacity for idealism and fruitful effort in the common behalf of which we had forgotten we were possessed. He tapped the reservoir from which the great leader draws the power for his reforms. He restored our faith that he who holds the key to that vast storage place of moral energy, has but to unlock the gate and the broad flood will come sweeping in to float the grounded hopes of man.

Scrapping Useless Traditions in Houses

Condensed from Collier's, The National Weekly (May 5, '23)

Harold Cary (see note on page 191)

IN the face of rising costs of both materials and labor, Ernest Flagg, one of America's two or three greatest architects, is having houses built at a saving of one-third the cost ordinarily required. And they are individual, of improved design and construction, with walls of masonry, a foot and a half thick. Nothing prevents anyone effecting these economies except ignorance of the means, dogged stubbornness, conservatism, and the old belief that what was a good way for our fathers must be the best way for us. To do anything new takes courage. So there has been little advance in fundamental building ideas for generations.

Why do houses have attics? Mr. Flagg's houses do not have any. Many of his living rooms run to the peak of the roof. If second floors are to be used, then bedrooms run to the peak—and they are as cool and comfortable as any bedrooms with vacant attics above them. A little "ridge dormer" rides on the roof tree, windowed and screened and operated with a cord from within. It looks well on the outside and adds light within. It enables two-story houses to be built with walls only 12 feet above the ground. It makes easy of achievement the low-lying house that every layman and architect dreams of and so rarely achieves. And remember that since the cost of modern frame buildings is nearly 45 cents a cubic foot, a full-sized attic in a medium-sized house of 6 or 7 rooms will cost you somewhere near \$1,800.

The houses built by Mr. Flagg have no cellars! A cellar usually costs

about 20 per cent of the total cost of a house. It was first used to "keep the house dry," and, scientifically speaking, kept it damp. For almost all cellars are damp. By having furnace and coal bins above ground, a great deal of effort is saved in housework, and the mass of the house is increased to make it more impressive. The space between the floor and the ground, which Flagg covers with waterproofed concrete, is dead air space, and houses so built are as warm and dry as houses with big, damp cellars. The cost of the layer of concrete on the ground is quite insignificant.

The most spectacular innovation is the Flagg partition. The ordinary partition is built by putting up two-by-fours along the line. These are covered with either metal or wood lath. Then three coats of plaster are applied, and on top of the last one is put the finish. The result is a series of flues for fires, and a fine nesting place for vermin. They are not sound-proof—they have a dead air space just like the box of a drum. Moreover, they take a lot of space. They are six inches through, and use up space that costs in almost any kind of a house at least \$3 a running foot. The Flagg partition is all plaster and but an inch and three-quarters thick. It is fire- and vermin-proof, less subject to damage than ordinary ones and quite as sound-proof. Along a beam where the partition is to go are hung lengths of jute scrim like the material of burlap bags. The edges are basted together. At door openings and at walls, as well as at top and bottom, the scrim is attached

with ordinary staples. Thus a curtain is formed. Now two plasterers, one on each side, go to work, facing each other, and put on the first rough coat, each working against the other. If only one plasterer is available, a laborer can hold a board for him to work against. When the first coat of plaster is dry two more are put on. That is all there is to it, all lath and lumber and a great deal of labor being eliminated.

Partitions like these have been used for several years in New York apartment houses. They have been tested by the New York Fire Department and found fireproof to an unusual degree. For greater strength, to carry loads, a bearing partition can be made in exactly the same way except that Portland cement mortar is used for the first coat instead of ordinary patent mortar. Of course in ordinary small houses the weight of floors above is carried by walls, beams and floor joists.

American stairways, ornate and bulky, are one of the most expensive fixtures in a house, and to eliminate them Flagg has designed a circular stone stairway made of cement blocks which is both beautiful and utilitarian. It takes up about one-quarter of the space and costs relatively little.

Fireplaces do not heat well. Mr. Flagg has designed the most original fireplace I have ever seen. It is recessed hardly six inches in the interior gable wall, so that the fire is open on three sides. A hood, resting on tile, extends clear to the roof tree, and is made of bronze, dull and rich. It is almost like half a cornucopia. It becomes the chief motif of a room, but its purpose is utilitarian, not decorative. It really heats a room as no fireplace I know of ever heated a large room.

The foundation wall which is being built for me in Westchester County costs me 45 cents a cubic foot. Mr. Flagg showed me one of his newly-built houses on Staten Island,

with a foundation wall of real and permanent beauty that cost just 6 cents a cubic foot. Mr. Flagg uses stone almost exclusively for walls, because of the increasing cost of wood, and the fact that stone is far cheaper in the long run. His walls are constructed, not with masons at \$10 a day, but with ordinary labor at \$4 or \$5. The wall is built in a form in much the way concrete is poured into a form. The flat side of the stone is laid flush with the outer face of the form and concrete is shoveled in behind. No mortar is placed between the stones, but they are laid in dry and mortar is squeezed into the joints afterward when the forms are removed. Two feet of wall is constructed by the laborers, setting the stones in dry and filling in with concrete and left overnight. The next morning the three planks are slid up and another height of wall built and so on until completion. Concrete corner stones or cut stone for the corners is used.

Flagg makes one of the cheapest and best roofs you ever saw, and they are beautiful. He uses plain roll roofing. This he cuts into nine-inch strips, laid with only a two-inch overlap. But under the overlap is the nail, and running from each nail to the edge of the roofing strip above is a metal clip which holds down the edge above so the wind can't lift it. The weather then makes streaks down the line of the clips and you have a stunning cross-barred roof, laid at the cost of shingles. He showed me one in perfect condition that had been up for 15 years.

Leaders to catch the roof water? Not any. He builds a little cement walk close to the foundation wall all the way round to act as a safety, frost-proof blanket. It prevents the rain water from wearing off the ground. He says that leaders are ugly and often spoil the symmetry of an otherwise well-designed house. Cost a lot of money, too.

"People ought to know about the success of these things," he said to me. "The ideas and the working out of the plans are so simple. To work a real revolution that greatly lowers costs doesn't require anything but a little daring."

What Everyone Should Read

Condensed from *The American Magazine* (May, '23)

H. G. Wells

THE idea of democracy asserts not only the right but the obligation of every man to be as full and complete and responsible a man as he can be, and to have a voice in the destinies of his race and planet. It is only very slowly that the mass of people in the world are coming to understand the realities of education and learning. It wasn't for the common man of former days to understand; his lot was to submit to custom, law, and the imperatives of his "betters," to toil or suffer in mute obedience as his rulers contrived. The idea of going on learning throughout life and having a will of one's own about the use of one's strength and powers has been hitherto, and still is, the idea of a select minority. It is an aristocratic idea. But sound democracy is only universalized aristocracy. In the great republic of the days to come the common man will be a gentleman and a statesman. When democracy becomes a reality to that extent then that idea of continuous learning will become the common idea and every ordinary man and woman will seek to share in the purpose of mankind. Not votes but knowledge emancipates men, and our legal democracy must remain largely an aspiration and a sham, until adult learning, steady learning throughout life, becomes the common habit. Schooling and learning can never be "over" in the new world that dawns upon us. "From everyone according to his ability," that is the new commandment of democracy. According to his utmost ability goes without saying. The reading of everybody needs to be as continuous and abundant as possible.

I submit that everyone should read some history every year and every month in his or her life. History is the unfinished drama of which our lives are a part; we cannot understand ourselves except we have some understanding of history. As we get understanding we can direct the general and public activities of our lives more and more effectively, to forward or oppose the great forces that are manifest in the historical record. In our measure we can begin to control destiny. To come to particulars, it seems to me that for a large part of one's historical reading everyone should follow his or her own tastes and curiosities; one of us may find interest in medieval history, and another in Egypt or in China. It is extremely good for the mind and soul to follow up such a chosen interest, to get everything that has been written about the place or people which has laid hold upon one's imagination. There is no harm or shame in not knowing any particular historical facts, but one is a poorer and a meaner creature for not knowing some group of them well. But I think that also everyone should read ever and again some book that summarizes all history and puts one's life into relation with the whole adventure of mankind.

The early Christians had such a summary of history in their Bible, which put their lives into a simple and direct relation to the story of the whole world brought up to that date. The creative force of such a vision of history is enormous. It cemented their communities as nothing else could have done. Nearly 19 eventful centuries have since elapsed. Yet increasing knowledge

does not mean longer histories, but more confident and comprehensive generalizations. The whole of history is simpler than any part. And universal history must be read here to cover natural history and the description of the earth and the starry universe. A man to be a fit citizen must think constantly of the past and future of his race and of his place among the stars—he must keep pace with the trend of discovery. Everyone, I think, should read such a periodical as the "Scientific American" to keep in touch with the ever-advancing boundaries of human knowledge and achievement.

And next I suppose everyone should read a newspaper. But for the ordinary citizen, busied with many things, it would be far more convenient and efficient to keep his idea of current events up to date by means of a weekly rather than a daily publication. He would get the matter in a compacted form and in better perspective.

Something of the same enlargement and ennoblement of one's thoughts is served by reading good biography. One man may find life and inspiration in the lives of Faraday or Lincoln; to another these may be quite dead and useless books. For everyone there must be some biographies which have a sufficient appeal. Everyone should hunt about for his or her affinities. It is not only through biographies that we can get these enlarging personal contacts; it is by reading the writings of anyone who writes with force and sincerity upon questions that hold one's interest, clarify one's ideas, and open out new vistas. Everyone should read what lays hold of his or her mind, ancient writings or modern. And having found a mind responding to one's own, then, I would say, get everything you can by and about and against that writer and make his or her inmost thought and quality your own possession.

Were I to name any specific books that everyone should read I doubt if

I should name any except the Gospels and Plato's "Republic." Many people miss the reality that in the Gospels someone is telling them something very plain and great about the Kingdom of Heaven and the Fatherhood of God. Everyone should read these books as books, and try to get hold of these ideas, because they are sound fundamental social and political ideas, and while they mean nothing more than remote pious phrases to you you cannot possibly run a business righteously or cast a proper vote. Any public policy that does not aim at the union of mankind in the Kingdom of God is ultimately foolery and a way to death. And Plato's Republic I name because it releases the mind from all sorts of conventional and traditional views about human institutions.

It is really very distressing to think of the endless aspiring self-educators who must have been bogged and lost in utter despair by the forcing of unsuitable and uncongenial masterpieces on their unprepared minds. Great art exists for joy. The joy in literature, like the joy in music, is its only justification. There is no justification at all for the toilsome, industrious, joyless reading of "great" literature. If you find a great writer dead and flat to you, that may not be your fault but just your difference.

Should everyone read some fiction? I do not see the necessity. A very large proportion of novel reading is a mere perversion of reading, a vice. The books are read as opiates, as a cheap substitute for experience; often they are read with such inattention that if the book is taken from one suddenly he can hardly name its titles or its characters; such reading is really a life-wasting habit of assisted reverie. Just in so far as novels help his questionings, a man should read them. But I do not think that everyone should read them, and certainly there is no one novel that everybody should read.

"Everyone" should read habitually and much, along the lines suggested, for these things are needed to form the basis of a common understanding in the reconstruction of human law and order that goes on today; beyond that, "Everyone" should, to the best of his powers, pursue his own individual interest and read what he can and as much as he can.

Hollywood: An American State of Mind

Condensed from Harper's Magazine (May, '23)

Katharine Fullerton Gerould

HOLLYWOOD is more than itself. It is one of the national points of view—a temper which, perhaps rather wickedly, we call "Hollywood" for convenience. To anyone who wants to know his contemporary world, I recommend an occasional glance at the motion-picture magazines. Their implied philosophy of life is appalling.

I am told that the Tired Business Man is a myth; but he has certainly, in all good faith, been made the apology for cheap and easy art. I am inclined to believe that he is real. I am also told that the American woman—having been endowed by her adoring men folk with leisure beyond that of any European woman—is the most cultured in the world. That, I am very disinclined to believe. That she spends more time deliberately looking for culture, I admit. No other country has developed women's clubs and Chautauquas. But the fact is that, except in an obvious material sense, we are unwilling to work. The man knows that he must work, to make money; the woman knows that she must work in order to keep her household comfortable. Beyond that, neither is willing to toil. They expect knowledge, culture, "standards," to be somehow broadcasted to them while they sit comfortably. It is not precisely time that we are unwilling to spend; it takes no longer to read an author than to go to a course of lectures upon his work. It is the effort that we grudge. We like to have things done for us; and we naively believe—the wish being father to the

thought—that it is possible. Canned food, canned heat, canned music, canned information, canned culture. . .

The basic trouble with the much criticized "younger generation" is, I fancy, that it is so ignorant. Its ignorance is a by-product of this mental laziness which we have allowed to invade the national soul. We are always looking for the cheap and easy way; and if Coue or someone else tells us that by taking thought we can add a cubit to our stature, we are only too ready to believe. We write free verse because it is easier than metrical forms, and then invent poetic theories to fit our productions. The younger generation finds it easier to ignore everything produced before 1900 than to learn something about art and letters as they were developed before that date: therefore it says that no art worth the name existed before the 20th century. But the "younger generation" would never have been able to hypnotize the public if the public had not forgotten how to think for itself. The public, in matters artistic or intellectual, relies on being "told" by some one else. We have lost the habit of dealing with intellectual facts, because we have lost the habit of mental effort.

Unfortunately, along with our demand for mental ease, we have developed an inordinate capacity for self-praise. It is the two working together that have produced the state of mind to which I have referred. When we praise, we know no limit: whether we are praising a statesman, or a motion-picture star.

No one would dream of advertising a complexion clay without promising you perfect beauty, or a correspondence course in dressmaking without asserting that, in three months, you can make your friends believe that you have imported your clothes from Paris. It is all part of our hectic optimism. We refuse to believe that anything is inaccessible to us—that there is any good, beauty, or wisdom which we cannot acquire by paying a little money for a magic formula.

Why "Hollywood?" Let me quote from a motion-picture magazine:

"In all history Mr. Chaplin's only rival for the distinction of being King is Napoleon, and Napoleon, after all, died leaving plenty of worlds to conquer. Charles Chaplin has completely conquered his world. He is monarch of all who survey him. There is nothing left for him to vanquish. A King with no worlds to conquer. . . ." And much, much more.

Our easy superlatives! No woman since Helen of Troy is so beautiful, no woman since St. Catherine of Siena is so good, as practically all the movie actresses are in the magazines. If Hollywood is the Mecca of thousands of young American men and maidens, it is not because they believe the kind of praise that is meted out to so very many of the residents of Hollywood. It is because they know very well that most of these actors and actresses are very ordinary folk, and that nowhere outside of the motion-picture world does a boy or a girl without education, or breeding, or experience of life, or brains, stand such a good chance of getting both cash and adulation over night, as it were. I am not so ignorant as to suppose that motion-picture actors do not work very hard while they are producing a picture; but I can think of no other career that comes so near offering the great American desideratum of earning big money without serving a long and arduous apprenticeship. In any field, the real rewards have to be sweated for. But less and less, as a national community, are we

willing to sweat for them; and on the other hand, less and less are we willing to admit to ourselves that all the rewards are not ours. We are materialistic, as everybody says; but we are materialistic after the fashion of children—foolishly. Our greatest danger lies in believing our own fairy tales, in thinking that Aladdin's lamp exists. We perceive the prestige values without perceiving that no thing can eventually preserve a prestige value if it can be universally possessed with ease—and, I need not say, without perceiving that prestige values themselves are creditable or not creditable ones, according to the intelligence of the community that created them.

I am far from being an enemy to the films or to the film world. I like good films, and have honest belief in the possibilities of the motion picture and honest admiration for the achievements of some of the producers and stars. Hollywood, I repeat, is a symptom, not a cause; a state of mind, not a geographical entity. Hollywood is wherever the young and the ignorant expect to get the triumph without the toil, the reputation without the virtues, the fame without the achievement, the reward without the sacrifice, the knowledge without the study. It is not Hollywood, California, that we need to be worried about: it is the Hollywood in the heart of us all. The little high-school girl from Dakota who goes to the Coast in the hope that after a few years she may return, twinkling with jewels, to give her obscure fellow citizens the "once-over," is sister to the woman who believes that is she can find the right complexion clay, she will be an American Venus, to the man who believes that if he will take a correspondence course, he will be truly educated, to all the people who believe that if they buy a certain book, they will develop "personality—charm—power."

(To be continued)

The Reader's Digest

Louis Pasteur

Condensed from *The Yale (Quarterly) Review* (April, '23)

W. W. Keen

WORSHIP great men, said Pasteur to the students of the University of Edinburgh, in 1884, with a naive unconsciousness of any application to himself. It is for such worship that we are now celebrating the first centenary of the birth of Pasteur, one of the world's greatest men.

In 1868, in the 46th year of his age, Pasteur was paralyzed on the left side of his body. With most men this would have meant a future of idle self-care; yet Pasteur's greatest discoveries were made after this time. What an encouragement his example should be to future similar paralytics!

Lille was the seat of a university in which he became Professor of Chemistry in 1854. A manufacturer of beet-root alcohol came to him seeking aid in preventing serious financial losses when the fermentation went wrong. Pasteur's laboratory was furnished with only a "student's microscope and a stove." But the magician who reigned in this laboratory more than made up for meagre equipment. Pasteur solved the riddle of fermentation, proving the germs in the air to be its cause.

The very existence of the silk industry of France was threatened by the diseases of the silk-worms. Pasteur discovered the causes of these diseases, and how to arrest their ravages. He saved the whole silk industry of France from extinction.

At this time, the flocks and herds of France were being ravaged by a mysterious scourge, known as anthrax. Sometimes, even before the shepherd had had time to notice that the sheep were ill, 20, 40 or even 50 per cent died. Among the cattle the

disease extended all over Europe and was equally fatal. In European Russia, in 3 years, 150,000 head of cattle died, and also 528 human beings contracted the disease from animals and died.

One day, Pasteur noticed a spot on a field where the color of the soil differed from that of the rest of the field. On inquiry he learned that sheep dead from anthrax had been buried there a year before. The change of color was found to be due to little cylinders of earth left by earth-worms. On examining the worms, he found the spores of anthrax in them. These spores, or seeds, are extremely persistent. Even after 10 or 12 years they exist in the grave of animals dead of anthrax, and if they infect any breach in the skin of a human being, or are swallowed by the grazing cattle or sheep, they will speedily cause anthrax, with a large percentage of death. Pasteur found that by heating the spores they gradually lost their power to produce the disease. This weakened "virus" then became a "vaccine" against anthrax! All these facts were developed in the face of strenuous opposition. Finally, a public test was proposed, before scientists. Pasteur accepted, and proposed that he would vaccinate 25 healthy sheep with his protective vaccine, and that these 25 vaccinated sheep and 25 unvaccinated healthy sheep should then be inoculated with a virulent dose of anthrax. He boldly predicted that in 5 days the 25 vaccinated sheep would be living and well, and the 25 unvaccinated sheep would be dead. The test was carried out in the presence of a large assembly. All the unprotected sheep were

dead within five days, and all the 25 vaccinated sheep were well. It was a "stunning success."

In 1871, purulent infection was looked upon as an inevitable and necessary consequence of any important operation. Pasteur and Lister "changed all that." Pasteur proved the fundamental principles. Together, these two men revolutionized surgery. Before Pasteur's day, infection caused death in 40, 60, 90, and even over 90 per cent of the cases after accidental and operative wounds. This new surgery inaugurated a surgical paradise.

Osler thus epitomized Pasteur's contributions: "Pasteur's work constitutes three great discoveries: 1. Each fermentation is produced by the development of a special living microbe. 2. Each infectious disease is produced by the development within the organism of a special living microbe. 3. The microbe of any infectious disease, when cultured under certain detrimental conditions, may be converted into a vaccine." What a marvelous chain of discoveries! What a marvelous gift to humanity.

Consider Pasteur's work on puerperal fever. What a monstrous wrong it was, as in my own younger days in medicine, that maternity should always be feared—that 5 mothers out of every 100 should lose their lives. In 1864, 310 deaths occurred in 1,350 cases in the Paris Maternity Hospital. The same horrible story was repeated in all other countries in Europe and America. Sometimes, in epidemics, over 50 per cent of the mothers died! It was Pasteur who discovered that most dangerous of all pus-producing bacteria, and he proved that the nursing and medical staff had carried the microbe from an infected woman to a healthy one. What has been the result? I need only give one instance. In a series of 8,373 consecutive cases

in London, not one mother lost her life from puerperal fever.

Note especially the significant fact that the chief diseases still rampant, such as cancer, scarlet fever, measles, whooping-cough, and so on, are the very ones of which we have not yet discovered the germ. Find the germ, and we shall be half way to the goal of discovering its antidote.

Pasteur's treatment of hydrophobia was his most notable victory. By no means every person bitten by a rabid dog develops the disease. Of 100 persons bitten by dogs *supposed* to be rabid, about 16 are attacked by hydrophobia. But of these 16 every one died. Since the Pasteur treatment has been adopted, the mortality has been reduced to one-half of one per cent, or less. No wonder that, all over the civilized world, Pasteur Institutes have sprung up so as to provide treatment at accessible centers for this dread disorder.

Before Pasteur, we could only guess as to the cause of that fundamental, all-pervading condition—that Field Marshal of the hosts of death—*Infection*—with its holocaust of victims. He it was who gave us the weapons by which we won the victory. I do not hesitate to say that for the physical welfare of the human race, Pasteur was the supreme benefactor!

Yet he did not allow his scientific studies to stifle his spiritual nature. In 1865, he wrote:

"My philosophy is of the heart and not of the mind, and I give myself up, for instance, to those feelings about eternity which come naturally at the bedside of a cherished child drawing its last breath. At those supreme moments, there is something in the depths of our souls which tells us that the world may be more than a mere combination of phenomena proper to a mechanical equilibrium, brought out of the chaos of the elements simply through the gradual action of the forces of matter."

Our Overpopulated Universities

Condensed from Scribner's Magazine (May, '23)

Henry S. Pritchett

WE have in this country no universities in the strict sense.

They are a mixture of the undergraduate college and the graduate university. In most institutions, even the older ones, the undergraduate college contains so large a number of students, its activities in athletics, in social affairs, and in other directions are so numerous and engage so much of the public attention, that the university activities are in the public mind at least, overshadowed. The process by which this telescoping of college and university came about was a very natural one.

Forty-six years ago, when Johns Hopkins University was founded, it offered for the first time in the United States a distinctly university program. The university addressed itself to scholars. It assumed that the students who came to it had already completed undergraduate courses of study entitling them to enter upon scholarly and professional work. The graduate schools of the older universities have, in large measure, arisen out of the example set by Johns Hopkins. Unfortunately, Johns Hopkins very soon departed from its original university conception. The desire for undergraduate students, and for all the things that go with undergraduate life became apparently too strong, and today Johns Hopkins, apart from its medical school, has few of the characteristics of a university.

Having in view this situation, it seems clear that the universities today are enrolling more students than they can teach. This is due partly to an artificially stimulated demand for college training, and to the admission of students ill-prepared to

avail themselves of the college and university work. For 20 years there has been maintained what amounts to a propaganda in behalf of going to college. The institutions have found it desirable to have as large a body of students as possible as a basis for their claims for State or public support. Bigness has been the common aim. As a result the conditions of admission have not only been lowered, but they have been administered with unsatisfactory tests of the character, personality, and fitness, of the candidate for admission. Thousands of young people every year enter our colleges and universities who ought to be pointed by the colleges themselves to some other field of training as more appropriate for their endowments and qualifications.

When an institution is confronted with a freshman class of 4,000, the best it can do under the present organization is to group these into such divisions as seem feasible, under such young teachers as can be caught in the highways, and at the end of the freshman year drop a large proportion of those who were admitted. Indeed, the freshman year has become increasingly, not a year for fruitful training, but a year for elimination of the unfit. At best this whole process is a makeshift which must come to an end in a few years.

If the army of students, now pressing toward college, represented a genuine thirst for study, the situation would be a pathetic one indeed. As a matter of fact, a large proportion are attracted to the college by reasons that have little or nothing to do with scholarly ambition. If the

universities will themselves stop their appeal on this basis, if they will control their intramural activities, particularly in the matter of athletics, within a field where they no longer appeal as an impelling reason for going to college, and if they will impose reasonable entrance requirements, the mass of applicants can be fairly dealt with.

Notwithstanding the trivialities of the college life today, and the subordination of matters of great moment to those which are spectacular, it still remains a fact that the college is the best entrance society has yet found for its youth into a larger and finer culture and into a loyal and patriotic citizenship. In college as nowhere else the youth finds himself in contact with an idealism which lifts him out of the commonplace and turns him toward a service of society of which he would otherwise never be capable. There cannot be too many students in college so long as they get a taste of this spirit and an aspiration for this service. The difficulty lies in the fact that many students are being drawn into the college who have neither the moral character nor the preparation to avail themselves of the opportunities the colleges ought to offer, who are attracted by certain other phases of college life less desirable and more demoralizing, and who are not touched by this spirit.

Therefore, if we are to do the best, both by our youth and by our institutions, it is clear that the colleges must enforce standards of admission that are fair and intelligently administered, and that will exclude the unfit by other means than the sacrifice of the freshman year. Secondly, it is not too much to ask that athletic activities be reduced to the point where they will figure in the public eye and in the eyes of students less prominently as the reason

why students should go to college. In the third place, there must be made a more intelligent effort to point the student who is unfitted for college to some other vocation in which he may obtain both usefulness and happiness.

Further, one may well question whether we are not paying a much higher price to keep our undergraduate colleges and our graduate universities in one organization than we should pay if we separated them and made clear the distinction. With such a separation should come a rearrangement of our entire education system so that the student should be fitted to enter the university by his 20th year. The question of the relation of the university and the college has to be worked out so as to save two years of the student's time and to cut down the present enormous cost to society of maintaining our existing regime. A German youth finishes his gymnasium when he is 20, enters the university, better trained than our men, fully two years earlier, and comes into his profession, not only younger, but with a certain resilience which is likely to be lost by an excessive period in school. Men can be, and ought to be, fitted for their professional work and ought to be embarked upon that work two or three years earlier than our program provides. Our professional men, in comparison with those of other countries, spend too many years in preparation. Perhaps the first step toward such a reorganization of our higher education will be found in the success of a university that dropped its undergraduate school, admitted students at 20 who proved themselves well ready to enter, and graduated them into their scholarly and professional life at an age when they still had the full resiliency of young manhood and of young womanhood.

When Schwab Became Charlie

From The Outlook (April 11, '23)

Sherman Rogers, Industrial Correspondent of The Outlook

THERE was a flurry in the Seattle shipyards during the early days of the American participation in the World War. The yard bulletins announced that Charles M. Schwab would speak to the shipyard workers a few days later. The announcement brought no enthusiasm, but criticism aplenty.

I was working as ship fitter's helper. On this particular morning, when the bulletin boards announced the coming of the great steel king, the crane gang sat down opposite me and started to talk: "So, the great labor hater is coming. The great catspaw of Morgan is going to speak in the shipyards." "A lot of nerve," came the answer. "I suppose he'll get up and turn around so that we can admire his plutocratic opulent personage." "Yes," chimed in another, "we'll give him the razz; that's what we'll do. If he talks five minutes he's lucky. I suppose he'll feel good looking over four thousand working slaves."

And so the talk went on. There was lots of it during the following week in the yards. No one dared to defend the steel man. That would have been an admission of subservience to the chief panjandrum of capitalism.

Finally the great day arrived, and in the center of an open space of the Skinner & Eddy yards a platform was erected. At the sound of the noon whistle all to a man dropped their tools, hurried out to lunch, and then congregated around the platform. Four thousand men were there, and very sarcastic remarks were audible.

Finally Mr. Schwab was announced, and as he stepped on the rough ros-

trum quiet reigned. "Looks human," I heard on my left. And then Mr. Schwab started to speak. Before he had talked five minutes the sneering grin had left the faces of those radicals nearest me who had voiced such vigorous disapproval of the steel man's coming. In less than ten minutes Mr. Schwab had captivated the entire audience. Cheer after cheer broke out. And then again, to my left, "This guy's a real man. Nothin' the matter with that fella." "He means what he says," I heard a man saying on my right, and "Oh, boy, how he can say it!"

A few minutes later I turned to view the assemblage, and I noted that every one was gazing intently at the speaker, and I could see that every one of them was filled with admiration. But Mr. Schwab was speaking, not for himself, but for co-operation. He was appealing to the best there was in man. He had torn aside the cobwebs of suspicion, the veil of misunderstanding, the barrier of class distinction. Before the speaker closed his voice was slightly shaky. He had bared his thoughts; four thousand men saw the heart of the great steel man for the first time in their lives; they were completely won by his unaffected friendliness, by his contagious personality. As Mr. Schwab finished his address the men sent up a yell—a wild, ear-splitting shout of friendly approval.

Probably about thirty minutes was the length of time it took four thousand men to reverse completely all of the opinions they had gained in years of prejudiced reading and hearing prejudiced speakers; yet in thirty minutes years of hatred and hard feelings toward the steel man had

melted, and in its place vigorous loyalty and friendliness were plainly manifested.

As the men went back to their work it wasn't "Mr. Schwab." No, all remarks were centered on "Charlie."

The crane gang came around about fifteen minutes of four to pick up the steel plate. The ship fitter I worked for sang out, "Well, what do you think about Schwab?"

"Some man. A regular fellow. Eighteen karat gold," and then the climax—"If the balance of these magnates we hear so much about are like 'Charlie,' a lot of these agitators are crazy." "Maybe he was kidding you," the ship fitter flung back. "Kidding nothing. Let me tell you that that man meant every word he said. Sincerity stood out on all corners. That fella couldn't be wrong if he wanted to. You can tell a good gold piece by its ring, and, believe me, that fella Schwab is all gold. There ain't no lead in his make-up at all."

A shrill whistle announced four o'clock. Tools were dropped, and as we reached our lockers my ship-fitter boss looked at me a moment, and

said: "There you got it, son—personal contact. Now, why in the world don't these big fellows come around often where we can see them, feel them, judge them? Here's a man that probably half the boys working here were ready to chase out of the yard when he mounted that platform. In about half an hour's talk he had not only killed all that prejudice, but every man in the bunch is rooting for him like they would for a home-run hitter. How long has it taken him? Just thirty minutes. Half the time it takes to eat dinner. One-fifth the length of a good theater attraction. About the same length of time it takes to dictate a long letter, and yet how many employers have ever thought it worth while to take that time in selling their personality to their employees? And all of them must have personality. They wouldn't be successful employers if they didn't. If we saw our own employers just one-tenth as much as we do the organizers and agitators, I guess we would feel a mighty lot different. How about it?"

"You're not talking Greek to me," I answered.

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Psychic Investigation in Europe—1

Condensed from *The Scientific American* (May '23)

J. Malcolm Bird, Associate Editor, *Scientific American*

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE arranged for me to attend a seance by Mr. A at a prominent psychic center in London. The medium, a Scot with a fairly noticeable burr in his speech, was an altogether commonplace person in appearance, and, apparently, in education. There were 12 sitters, including the medium. I was introduced as "Sir Arthur's friend," without mention of my name or my nationality. The sitters were assigned places around a circle in the center of the room. Unlike seances in the United States, there was no emotion whatever at this seance, from beginning to end. Of course, all those save myself were spiritualists. There was no mystery or other hocuspus about it. There was organ music, presumably to get the medium into trance, and later, darkness to keep him in that condition. Aside from that, it was just an ordinary meeting and conversation between friends. Its most amazing feature was informality. Everybody chattered away gaily with his neighbors, with the "control" and with the "communicators."

After three hymns, the medium became very restless. He arose and resumed his seat at the organ repeatedly, and emitted a series of noises. Ultimately he made his way to his seat in the circle. This was the signal that his "control," White Feather, had taken possession. White Feather proceeded to speak in broken English that improved as the seance went on. He complained that his "box"—that is the medium—was not working well to night. He ordered the remaining red light out, and then he complained about the light from the fireplace. After considerable fumb-

ling in the dark, which did not appear to disturb whatever condition of trance the medium may have been in, a large screen was located and placed in front of the grate, to "Whitey's" intense and audible satisfaction. Whitey continued to conduct the seance, speaking always in the same voice, a rather shrill whine. This voice, of course, quite frankly came from the medium's vocal apparatus. If he was doing it consciously, he ought to be on the thousand-a-week bills, for there was not the slightest trace of the Scottish in it, nor in any of the other very different voices that were heard at one time or another during the seance.

Whitey had a rough time with his spirit communicators. They kept trying to crowd one another out. At times he spoke harshly to them about it. After some time the voices began to come from the tin horn which the medium had brought in with him, and which had been stood up in the center of the circle. I asked at this point whether both hands of the medium were being held, and was informed they were. Whitey then spoke up and invited me to change seats with the lady at the medium's right. This was done and my hand was grasped firmly and held, with slight interruptions throughout the next stage of the seance. There was no substitution practiced on me here; the hand was emphatically the large, hard, and rough hand of the medium. I would insist upon two things here: the voice came from the trumpet in the center of the circle, and I had one of the medium's hands. Theoretically, the trumpet might have been manipulated by his knees and brought to speaking distance next his

mouth. In any event, it was not ordinary ventriloquism at work; the voice unmistakably came from the center of the circle.

The voice announced itself as belonging to one, Cornelius Morgan, whom nobody present knew. After a few remarks of no particular interest he stated most positively that someone was present from New York. He then stated that about three weeks ago, on a Friday at 7.30, I had walked across Brooklyn Bridge with a lady and a gentleman. This began to be pretty thick! I do not suppose I have walked across the bridge half a dozen times in the last 8 years. But a week before sailing I had walked across the bridge with two men friends. Then I told Cornelius that I believed the expedition in question took place on a Saturday, and earlier than 7.30. This drew down severe reproaches upon my head for the sin of speech without thought, and quite a bit of repartee passed between the trumpet and myself on this subject. (It happens that one of Mr. Bird's friends of this walk is a careful diarist, and he informs us that the walk took place on Saturday, January 20, a little after 4 o'clock.—The Editor.)

But better was to come. Cornelius stated that I had engaged passage on two ships. This was the truth. During ten days I had two state-rooms tentatively assigned me on two boats. Nobody in the world outside of the Scientific American offices knew that fact, however. If this message was telepathic, it proves telepathy can be sub-conscious on the part of the mind that supplies the information, for at that moment I had been thinking of nothing connected with my passage, but rather of the diary which would settle the other question. . . . Then Cornelius said: "Friend, you are a writing man, are you not?" That alone I think would have been a mighty shrewd guess—Sir Arthur has taken so many writing men into seances! But thereupon the voice in the trumpet insisted that I had been

writing *something* before coming to the seance; that I had left it unfinished. This was the truth; the paper was still in my typewriter—a list of French words that I wished to add to my vocabulary before going to France. I did not press him to identify what this work had been, but surely he came near enough to the facts to bar out any supposition of guesswork, unless, indeed, some skeptic is prepared to include my chambermaid in a plot to mislead me.

About this time phosphorescent lights began to appear, here, there, somewhere else. Most of these lights were small and dim. They gave very definitely the impression of phosphorescence, rather than of flame or filament. The messages were now coming both from the medium's lips and from the trumpet, which now began to do considerable traveling, inside the circle, outside, inside again, outside, in more rapid succession than I would care to attempt manually. As far as the medium's reach was concerned, it might have been operated by his hand, but throughout there was black darkness. The trumpet next travelled about the circle, caressing each sitter about the face or head. I was never able to detect the medium's presence in my vicinity. If he does move about with such freedom, he has an extraordinary sense in the dark.

The next voice spoke in very cultured tones, far beyond the medium's normal powers. He offered a very well worded prayer, which, of course, the medium might have learned by heart. Then White Feather went away, and the lights were turned on.

I have since learned that Mr. A works in a London garage, and he will not give up his job and take up work as a professional medium that is offered to him by the psychic group, on the ground that he could not take money for his mediumship. He gives two seances a week to a rather restricted circle, for which he persistently refuses payment.

Harry Lauder's Message

Condensed from Woman's World (April '23)

CAN you conceive a war between the United States and Canada?

Can even the most rabid pro-war fanatic dream of such a thing? Absolutely not! It simply could not be! Why? Because the Canadians and the Americans understand each other—because individually, collectively and as nations they would not tolerate such a thought. People who understand each other, who realize they have common interests and ideals; who appreciate that all are striving for the same end—happiness, and the right to freedom—do not foster foolish hatreds and jealousies and suspicions that lead to war.

Can you conceive a war between Canada and Great Britain? Nor can I, who know thousands in every class in both countries, stretch my imagination to include the horrible possibility of hostilities between Great Britain and the United States. Such an atrocity could not be! Why? Because of understanding; because the two nations have common thoughts and common ideals—brought about by the sharing of literature and drama, by common intercourse, by an understanding of each other.

Surely I, who for 15 years have toured four continents, getting close to the common people of the English speaking world, should know how they differ and in what respects they are alike. I'll vow I know my English speaking people—and under the skin they're as like as peas in a pod. You may change the design of your British ship or the range of your American gun, but you can't change the hearts of the English-speaking people; you cannot change their ideals and their habits of thought. You cannot change their idea of right and wrong. It is the heart of the people that controls the destiny of nations.

Understanding, sympathy, Friendship—they form the impassable barrier that keeps the merciless God of War and the treacherous fiends of hate and suspicion out of the hearts of the English speaking peoples. And it is the lack of those three qualities that puts them in the hearts of the jealous countries of Europe and Asia.

And it is the woman who teaches us these qualities. She has no hate in her heart for her sister, for the mothers of the other countries. She does not practice the intolerance of her brother in regard to people not akin to her. When she bares her sword of influence against war this evil will disappear from the face of the earth.

But meantime—meantime we must look to the people between whom there is understanding, sympathy and friendship—to the English speaking people of the whole world. But it is not enough that there shall be simply an understanding of no war between the English speaking peoples. Such an understanding is unnecessary. What we need, and what the war has proved we must have, is an understanding that the English speaking people will tolerate war between no nations. War is a crime against decency, against humanity, against our very Father Himself. The English speaking peoples must stand united against it.

That is the only thing that can prevent another war, as bad if not worse, than the one we have just gone through. It is written on the wall. The forces are already arming themselves, and the fires of jealousy and hatred are burning higher. Already the guns of war are rumbling.

The English speaking people cannot stay out of the next war any

more than they were able to keep out of the last. That is because their interests are in every part of the world. And mark you well: If America goes to war Great Britain goes with her; and if Great Britain goes to war America will find her way in on the same side. That is inevitable—because their interests are identical, because to trample the principles of one is to insult the principles of the other. Because the mother of Scotland teaches her youngster to fight for the same things that the mother of Indiana or of New South Wales teaches her son to fight for.

There is only one way the English speaking people can stay out of war, and that is to prevent it. The only way they can prevent another war is to forbid it, and to do this they must have supreme strength. That strength can come only through Unity. The peace of the world depends upon the Unity of the English speaking people. Let the United States and the British Empire warn the world that they are united against war and that the first nation to fire a shot will receive an answer from the combined armies and navies of the United States, Great Britain, Canada, Australia and British Africa—and what nation, or group of nations, would dare defy them?

Let them say that and France will reply: "Yes, and from France!" United into the Brotherhood of Peace the English speaking peoples, with the unlimited backing of France, can wipe out, first, war, then the fear of war and finally the paraphernalia and burdens of war.

This is not a political question—it is a question of humanity and common sense. I might say it is a ques-

tion of sanity. It is a bigger thing, a far bigger thing, than politics or diplomacy—it is friendship.

Let the people of the English speaking world get together. Forget the League of Nations, if you will; forget the reparations. That is political, for the government experts to decide.

But this other, this Union of friendship, or whatever it may be called, is for the people to decide, the people who have already lost their loved ones and those who may be raising their bonnie boys to become cannon fodder.

The red menace of war is looming again. The stalk has been trampled under foot, but the roots are in full life. Understanding, international understanding, alone can stamp out this vicious weed.

Lest we forget—Lest we forget!

I can never forget, there are a thousand graves to keep my memory fresh—and there is an empty chair and a wee mound on a tiny hill near Ovivilliers—

So I'm tramping four continents again, traveling highroads and by-roads, singing my little song and bringing my little cheer, and talking, always of friendship. Build friendship—'tis better far to build friendships than battleships.

Ah, a bonnie word, Friendship! Aye, and it's a glorious thing—for I've seen it over there and I've seen it over here. I've seen it in the trench, in the stricken cabin and in the great, gray hospitals. Aye, 'twas a fair flower blossoming amid the carnage and despair.

And until I shuffle off I'm going to keep shuffling along, preaching it—preaching it—

Lest we forget—Lest we forget!

I think the Digest is the greatest thing that ever happened in the magazine line.—G. W. Thomas, Arcadia, Calif.

It is certainly a boon to a busy man. I have compared some of your comparisons with the original articles, and find a very faithful "creamy" account in the Digest.—Bernie Mulder, Muskegon Heights, Mich.

Vision

Condensed from *The American Magazine* (May '23)

An interview with John R. Mott by Bruce Barton

THE first man of really great vision whom I knew well was Dwight L. Moody. You do not hear his name so frequently these days; but I could guide you to at least a hundred cities and point out some beneficent institution, or influential man, or group of men, as living proofs of his vision. You remember his story. While he was four years old his father died, leaving nine children. The little stony farm was mortgaged and the creditors took everything. Dwight was tossed from pillar to post, receiving a very meager schooling until, at the age of 17, he was offered a place in a store on condition that he attend church regularly. It was not long until Moody had recruited a Sunday-school class among the rough, hard young rowdies who lived in that dense and dirty part of Boston. Moody had found his vision. From that day he lost his enthusiasm for making money and became an enthusiast about men. Having saved \$1,000, he resigned his job and went to work in the mission he had established. You can imagine the consternation of his relatives and advisers. "Your \$1,000 will be gone in no time," they exclaimed. "Never mind," replied Moody, "I am working for God, and He is rich."

You ask me to give a working definition of vision. I should say that it is the capacity—(1) To see what others do not see. (2) To see further than they see. (3) To see *before* they see. The last is as important as the other two. George W. Perkins had in his office a quotation from Roosevelt which ought to be in most offices: "Nine tenths of wisdom is being wise *in time*." If a man

trains himself to keep looking, if he can see only a few inches beyond his competitors, that is all the advantage he needs. Moody had vision of all three sorts. He had a wonderful power of looking into men and seeing possibilities which the world had not discovered, and of which even the possessors were often unconscious. He found something in every man that could be stirred and appealed to. Think what power such vision gives. The amount that any one of us can accomplish is governed by the tools with which we must work; and these tools, in most instances, are other men. If we go through life suspicious of other men, expecting nothing great of them, we are merely dulling our own tools. Moody expected *much* from every man he met; and the man, rising to meet the expectation, became twice as effective or ten times as effective a tool for Moody's work.

This incident is worth quoting. Moody set out one day with a prominent clergyman in Edinburgh to raise money for a mission. The minister, who was known and had access everywhere, went from one home to another, asking for 10 pounds or 15, and congratulated himself on his success. But Moody saw it would take all winter at that rate, and at the next house of a wealthy woman, he said, "How much are you going to ask her for?" "Oh, perhaps 50 pounds," replied the minister. But when the door was opened Moody pushed ahead and said: "Madam, I have come to ask you for 2,000 pounds to help us build a new mission." "Oh, mercy! Mr. Moody," exclaimed the woman, "I cannot possibly give more than *one* thousand." The reply astonished the timid min-

ister so much that he almost fainted, and then he told Mr. Moody that he had better go ahead. And he did.

Of all the men of business who have impressed me, I think Carnegie deserves to be mentioned first. Always he saw a little farther and a little sooner than those who were pitted against him. An important bridge on the Pennsylvania Railroad burned, and traffic was obstructed for 8 days. Thousands of men saw, or read about, that fire. To them it suggested nothing except that a new wooden bridge would have to be built. But to Carnegie it showed that it would never do to depend further upon wooden bridges for permanent railway structures.

But many men in their youth have vision, only to lose it, and draw more and more into themselves as they advance into middle age. The inspiring thing about Carnegie was the fact that his vision kept so clear and keen up to the very end of a long life. It was pathetic to hear him tell of his hunger for books as a boy; but his eyes would light up as he began to tell of how he meant to put good books within the reach of boys in every town. . . The war thrust deep into Carnegie's heart. He had dreamed of a warless world and invested so heavily in his dream, building the splendid palace at The Hague, and establishing his international foundations of various sorts. Yet even through the suffering of the battle, he saw that out of the war must come some sort of international understanding. So he died, as he had lived, discounting discouragements, refusing to accept any limitation as final, looking always at the something better and bigger just beyond.

Selecting a representative from the statesmen-I have known, I should name Roosevelt, as illustrating the power of vision. Dozens of anecdotes of his vision occur to any one who knew him. Once when I was in the White House I happened to mention I was preparing a little book on "Future Leadership of the Church."

"I'd like to write a letter to go with that book," he exclaimed. I told him that I should be delighted, of course; and I went away, supposing that he would forget the suggestion, or that I should receive a brief note, bearing obvious evidence of the pressure under which it had been prepared. Imagine then my surprise to receive within a week a long, carefully-thought-out letter—a real, outstanding contribution. A few months later I called on him again, this time just before a journey to Russia, where I had been invited to address the students of the principal universities. "I want to send a message to the young men of Russia," he exclaimed. "Will you take it for me?" The message proved to be a four-page letter, revealing marvelous insight regarding the limitless possibilities of the Russian peoples.

Hundreds of men could tell Roosevelt stories of the same character. Trivial as they are, they throw a great light on the secret of Roosevelt's power. His vision saw an opportunity in even the smallest occasions; the great structure of his influence was built up out of thousands of little things. If you have lost vision, the place to find it is at your right hand. Moody found his vision in the crowd of urchins who lived in the same street; Carnegie found the vision of his bridge company in a fire that everyone knew about; Roosevelt saw in every man who came to him an opportunity to broaden his influence for good.

That seems to me a partial answer to the question whether vision is a quality that only one in a million can hope to have, or whether the seeds of it are in all of us. The beginnings of vision are in all of us; we cannot quarrel with fate on that score. So sure am I on this point, so confident that vision develops with exercise, like a muscle, that the tests I apply to men who are to be associated with me are tests that seek primarily to determine whether the processes of development are at work.

Of course I want to know a man's background, and to have his own statement of his purposes, as he conceives them, but beyond that I want to know not how far ahead he thinks he can see at the moment, but whether growth has stopped or is going vigorously on. These are the tests:

1. *Does he do little things very well?*

A great deal was said, especially during the war, about executives who take no cognizance whatever of details. My experience with executives has been that the biggest of them are frequently "detail men" to a degree which would astonish the man on the street. They delegate great powers, to be sure; but the little things which they touch—and they touch many of them—they care for with a fine precision and thoroughness. No man can be more damaging in any organization than a would-be executive who, in his reach for larger things, despises and neglects the little responsibilities confided to his care. Such men are visionary, not men of vision.

2. *Has he learned the meaning of order as to time and place?* Napoleon fought his earlier and most brilliant battles against forces far superior to his own. But he arrived always a little before the opposing generals expected him. Men who have the beginnings of vision get to the place of their engagements at the time appointed, or a little before.

3. *Has he learned the meaning of priorities?* Does he do first things first? So few men think things through before they start. Hence the work of the world is constantly delayed because some perfectly well-meaning individual, who has been working with good conscience, is busy on an operation that ought to be Number 20, when he should have started and finished Number 1.

4. *How does he use his leisure?* If I can know what a man does on street cars and trains, on holidays, and in the free hours of evenings, I can give a pretty good guess as to where he is headed and how likely he is to arrive. The first time I saw

Roosevelt after his election to the Presidency he was standing in the rear corridor of a Pullman car, where he had slipped away to escape the reporters and politicians. I was curious enough to discover what book he had in his hand. He was reading Plutarch's "Lives."

5. *Has he intensity?* Emerson said, "Nothing great was ever accomplished without enthusiasm." There are men who come into your office bringing something electric with them; you feel the throb of their interest even before they speak. And there are other men who bring nothing but the vague, undefined desire for a job. Unless I, myself, am stirred, even if only a little, by the energy and magnetism of a man, I have very grave doubts whether he will create much of a stir in any position he may seek to fill. This may sound very unscientific; it may seem to attach an undue importance to first impressions. But, after all, business is made up of a succession of first impressions. Men warm toward a man, or are cold, according to the thrill, or the lack of a thrill, which he carries with him when he steps through the door.

6. Moreover, I want to be sure on this point: *Has he learned to take advantage of momentum?* Or does he, with a small success, lean back upon his oars? Almost every biography you read impresses you with this fact—that, while it may take years to lay the foundation of a big achievement, the achievement itself is a matter of a few years, sometimes of a few months. It is like one of these modern skyscrapers, whose parts have been fashioned in steel mills hundreds of miles away. Day after day you pass what appears to be only a hole in the ground, sunk with painful toil through the solid rock. Then the foundations appear, and suddenly, as if by a miracle, the building is buckled together and stands complete. Businesses are like; men are like that. A man will work for years preparing himself; at length comes a little recognition, a

little success. That is the crucial time. If he slackens his effort, if he begins to take things a little easier, he has staked out the boundaries of his career. But momentum, rightly accelerated, increases in geometric ratio; there are times when a month is worth a decade if a man who has been pushing hard knows how to push just a little harder.

If a young man measures up to those tests, even though his vision at that moment extends only to the job immediately before him, I feel pretty confident that he is coming out all right. He can develop his vision. There are three perfectly definite things which he can do to develop it:

First of all, he can mingle with people who have vision. They are not all in New York or Chicago; every Main Street has men in whose presence it is easier to believe. Nor are all the men of vision still alive; thousands of them live only in books, and must be cultivated there. In my own library the largest section is devoted to biography; it is a favorite form of reading with me. No man, for example, can spend long hours with Plutarch's characters and not take on quality. The Men of Vision are our slaves; every book shop offers us the service of their inspiration and guidance, for a few pennies. How shortsighted we are if we pass our whole lives in the company of those who are no bigger than ourselves.

There is some power in nature that enlarges and lengthens a man's vision. Just how to define it I do not know, but I have experienced it myself and many men have testified to it. It is, in my judgment, the second source of help open to every man. Cecil Rhodes, you remember, built his house in a place which commanded a view of the great Table Mountain. When I was there I was told that it always made him uncomfortable when a visitor sat with his back to that wonderful outlook; Rhodes would stir uneasily and finally ask the visitor to turn around. Sitting there, often

alone, and looking out over the audacious achievements of nature, he built the dreams that became an empire. It is not by chance, as someone has remarked, that the great religions have come to us out of the East. There is something in the vast expanses of the desert which sets the souls of men to brooding on the wide-reaching and eternal things. I said a little while ago that the place to find vision is right around you, and I do not mean to detract from that statement. But many men never see, because they do not take the time to think. It is worth while at frequent intervals to get away, into the woods or mountains, or beside the ocean or on the edge of the great plains, and there to revise our petty and immediate concerns in the presence of Nature, whose spaces are so vast and whose processes are so patient, so eternal.

Finally, there is Faith, the third source of vision and the most important. I like the marginal reading of a verse in the Bible: "Faith is the giving of substance to things hoped for." Plenty of people talk about Faith, by which they mean a flabby hope that somehow everything will come out all right. That faith is futile, it disgraces the name. Real Faith says: "I believe in myself. I believe in other men." As Moody did. As Carnegie did, suggesting as his chief claim to fame that he had "known how to get men around me who had more brains than myself." And, "I believe in the significance of the universe, that somehow behind it there is a great guiding Mind."

In crossing the Pacific last spring I talked for a long time with Admiral Baron Kato, on his way home from the Washington Conference, now premier of Japan, and one of the powers of the present-day world. Said he very earnestly: "All the peoples of the world are looking to America for light and faith." For the faith which sees clearly and works confidently to bring things to pass.

Henry Ford on Coal

Condensed from Hearst's International (May '23)

Reported by Allan L. Benson

WE are mining coal for a little less than \$2 a ton. We own a number of mines and shall buy others. We shall not be content merely to supply fuel for our industries. We shall sell coal to the public.

We shall put this coal out over our railroad, the Detroit, Toledo & Iron-ton. This is now but a single-track road. We shall double-track it, electrify it, and put a radio on each locomotive. We want to be able to direct all train-movements through the air from our offices in Dearborn, Michigan.

Our railroad crosses every trans-continental line and a number of others—19 in all, I think. We shall, therefore, be able to ship and sell coal everywhere, provided the rail-ways that we cross will carry it. We shall give them an opportunity to show whether they will carry it.

What we are doing shows what we think of the coal situation. It is intolerable. Some people say it is intolerable because it is badly organized. That is nonsense. It is intolerable because it is so well organized. It is one of the best organized businesses in the United States. The main business of the coal robbers is not to mine coal but to plunder the people. The mining of coal is but incidental. I have no doubt that there is a lot of bad management in the mining of coal. When men think only of the money they want to get and not of the service they should give, management is always bad. But in the chief department of the coal business—the skinning, robbing and buncoing department—the organization is complete. It overlooks nothing. It begins with great bankers and goes down to the

smallest coal bootlegger. The bankers control and finance everything—down even to the coal bootlegger, mind you.

These bankers control the railroads, and through the railroads control the coal industry. Did you ever try to talk big business to a railway president? You might as well talk to his office boy. All he can do is to toddle off with your question and bring back the answer from the bankers that control the roads and control him.

The coal situation will go on from bad to worse until we break the hold that these bankers have upon it. We can break their hold only by taking from them their control of the railroads. I am in favor of government ownership of the railroads. No people can be free and go unrobbed who lack the power to have their goods moved about without making terms with private interests. Railways should be public thoroughfares.

What we call the coal situation is but the result of a tremendous conspiracy to rob the people. I believe that some of the labor union leaders are guilty of a part in this conspiracy. The miners themselves are victims. They share the suffering that is endured by the general public. One cannot believe that it is either accidental or unavoidable that strikes continue to occur in the coal industry at just such times as will best serve the purposes of those whose desire it is to impose upon the public robber prices for coal. Yet if the strikes did not occur, it would be difficult if not impossible to put the price of coal where it is and keep it from falling. To enable the robbers to get their loot it is first necessary to create in the public mind a feeling of

uncertainty as to whether it will be possible for everybody to get the coal he needs. The feeling of shortage must be created. What could create this feeling better than a strike? Every year, the strikes are permitted to last long enough to cause widespread apprehension. Then the miners go to work and the robbers begin picking pockets. The price of coal goes up from the preceding high notch. The public pays because it believes it must. It grumbles but it pays. The coal robbers do not care how much people grumble, provided they do nothing else.

And at that, most of the talk we hear about a coal shortage is untrue. Last fall when there was talk of a tremendous stringency in the supply of soft coal, we found that there was enough coal above ground to last the country, with economy, for many months. We found plenty of bootleggers who were prepared to furnish us with all the coal we wanted—at a price. We jammed them until we got our coal for about \$2.50 a ton at the mine.

In the anthracite industry, the cry of shortage enabled the coal robbers last winter to work off upon the public, at prices ranging from \$12 to \$18 a ton, culm banks, almost mountain high, that had been regarded as worthless. A culm bank is a pile of dust and slate. People were told that they must buy dust at coal prices because there was not enough anthracite of proper sizes. People were also told that the coal shortage was due to the incapacity of the railroads. Yet there were apparently enough locomotives to draw all the dust and slate that the public would buy at coal prices. *I know of no locomotive that can draw coal dust but cannot draw coal that is big enough to burn in a domestic furnace.* And all the while the railroads, at the instigation of the bankers, were talking about a lack of motive power, there were thousands of cars of anthracite on sidetracks that were not

moving. They were being held until the bootleggers could get enough orders to dispose of them. This is true and can be proved.

Winter is becoming a time of plague and torment because millions of families are both frightened and robbed. Our coal supply is in the hands of a group of Wall Street bankers who seem determined to plunder the people to the fullest extent. What the limit of their greed may be I do not know. I know only that the price of coal goes up and up, from year to year. *Compared with pre-war prices, coal is the highest commodity on the face of the earth.*

What is the remedy? The remedy is for the people to become concerned in an intelligent, constructive way. Grumbling does no good. Nor does it do any good to elect public officials who do not interfere with the robbery. We shall never get anywhere until we take the coal business out of the hands of the banking group who use it as a means of exploitation. It is the people themselves who are to blame. They do not pay enough attention to the job of self-government. If we are equal to the task of self-government, it is high time that we began to show it.

One of the greatest evils is corporate indebtedness. Corporate debts always mean one or both of two things—bad management or a method of enabling drawers of interest to live without working. The Ford interests are fairly large, yet we have not a dollar of debt. We do not require our customers to pay a price that represents a penny of interest paid to anybody. A bad manager should not be permitted to remain in business. He cannot pay good wages because his lack of ability wastes labor and material's. Poor wages mean starved lives, unhappiness and often sickness for innocent victims. And so far as the mere exploiter is concerned, who issues bonds and pays poor wages, there should be no place for him in any community.

Brains—A Family Affair

Condensed from Pictorial Review (May '23)

Albert Edward Wiggin

THERE are countless millions who, should they sleep like Rip Van Winkle, would never be missed. On the other hand, there are probably 50 men, possibly 12, now living who, should they go to sleep for even a twelvemonth, would wake up to find that the whole world had gone to pieces. This is solely because civilization is created and held together by a very few men—all of them men of extraordinary brains. The whole sweep of modern investigation indicates that if you could take 500, possibly 100, such men out of human history there would be no history; that without the prophets there would have been no Bible; without some unknown genius of the past, no printing; without Phidias and Angelo, no art; without Plato and Kant, no philosophy; without Aristotle and Bacon, no science; without these and a few score of equally precious men, no civilization. Imagine England, for instance, without Shakespeare, Greece without Pericles, Rome without Caesar, France without Napoleon, America without Washington and Lincoln!

Although the welfare of humanity depends upon the leader, the genius, the man of brains, no one until yesterday ever thought to inquire whence he came, or how he got his brains. Indeed, it has always been taken for granted that everybody, if not a positive genius, at least had "plenty of brains," and that one man would succeed about as well as another if only he were given "equal opportunity" or wealth were "equally distributed." Half the schemes for "regenerating society" rest on the nebulous notion that all that is needed is an equal distribution of "lei-

sure," "economic opportunity," education and the like, in order to make everybody, even the laziest and most stupid, healthy, wealthy, and wise.

I know of no experiment which has so completely riddled this fallacy, and which so powerfully illustrates the astounding differences in original brain-power which exists among men and the influence of every one's original endowment of brains upon his practical success, as a very simple one devised by Professor Thorndike. He selected one group of people who could solve a certain number of simple problems in arithmetic in 15 minutes, and another group who could solve over twice as many of the same problems in the same time. He then gave both groups an *equal amount of practise*. The amazing results make nothing plainer than that *unto him that hath brains shall be given*. The slow group advanced a little; the fast group advanced much. In the end, *as the direct result of equal opportunity*, the fast group were farther ahead than ever! The inescapable fact is that the more you equalize opportunity the more you unequalize men. No system of education will ever put brains into an empty head. All men come up by education, but "the brighter they are the quicker they come" and the farther they go. Dull people learn slowly and advance slowly to low positions. Brilliant people learn rapidly and advance rapidly to high positions. The benefit of a rich and varied environment is that everybody can advance to much higher positions, but no civilization or social order or economic system will or can very much change the *relative positions of men*.

Science has found that brains are largely a *family* affair; that some families, some strains and breeds furnish numerous children with a high order of brain-power, while other lines of blood would not produce a really brainy individual in 100 years. We often, for instance, see brothers and sisters, some of whom are teeming with brains, energy, and decision of character, while the other children will be reckless, intemperate, or stupid. We know now that this is due almost entirely to the fact that the ancestry was of *mixed breeds* and some of the children inherited the high mental tension and will-power of one strain, while their brothers or sisters inherited the weaknesses of the other.

This does not mean that the weakest and laziest will not be enormously improved and energized by education and moral suasion. But it does completely upset our democratic complaisance about men being born equal or that any system of education or economics will make them equally wise, moral, or energetic. I beg, you, therefore, to try your own brains on the following questions. Science has long ago answered them all in the affirmative.

Do you know that about half the great men and women of the world were either born from great parents or ancestry or else left great descendants? That, contrary to popular notions, the children of great men are practically always remarkable, *provided* the father married a woman of great mental powers like his own or even a commonplace woman with great ancestry?

Do you know that practically *all* of the remaining half of the great men and women of history have been born from parents and ancestors of sound character and ability? That numerous famous men have had a carpenter or shoemaker or man of similar occupation for a father, but that up until recently, in this machine age, such men were usually skilled craftsmen of excellent, often

unusual capacity and character?

Do you know that about one-tenth of one per cent of the world's population has produced one-half of the world's great leaders, while it has taken all the countless millions of people of ordinary blood to produce the other half?

Do you know that no genius was ever a truly dull boy; that the really stupid boy remains a stupid individual throughout life? True, some geniuses have been *regarded* as dull children, but this was solely because the remarkable methods for measuring brains were but recently invented. Do you know that if you have even *one* eminent relative as close parent, uncle, nephew, or grandparent, you have from 500 to 1000 times as many chances of becoming famous yourself as if you had in your ancestry no remarkable blood? Do you know that some strains of blood produce one great person out of every eight, while other strains with apparently the same opportunity, produce not one great person out of a million?

Do you know that it is nearly 50 times as advantageous to have a preacher for a father as an unskilled day-laborer?

All the politics, education, science, morals, and religion of the nation should combine to bring about three great *tendencies* in our national life: first, to discover, conserve, and make useful every ounce of brains that we have; second, to build up those economic and social conditions, habits, and ideals which would *encourage* all people of sound character and abilities to marry and produce at least three to five children, rewarding them for this immense and patriotic service with social distinctions, political privileges, and an economic security that would neither pauperize the fit nor encourage the unfit; and third, the stern and absolute prevention of the unfit from reproducing and increasing their kind, by measures that would be both merciful and socially approved.

(To be continued)

Ku Klux Klans in Germany

Condensed from *Our World* (May '23)

Charles Merz

The Challenge to America

Political assassins, leagued in secret bonds, have become a peril to free government in Central Europe. Americans have not begun to hear much of them, but they are of direct concern to Americans because we are interested in stability in Europe. We have a responsibility for conditions created by the settlement of the war and our prosperity is involved in Europe's return to peace and industry. Our political cooperation now would strengthen the hands of every liberal power against conspiracy and reaction. Mr. Merz's articles on Ku Klux Klans in Europe present the challenge of present-day Europe to America.—Editors of Our World.

RATHENAU, Erzberger, Eisner, and 200 others whose crime it was to believe in the ideal of a democratic Germany, have paid the penalty for their faith by meeting death in ambush. A murder *bund* works tirelessly, cutting down, man after man, the partisans of German liberalism. That *bund* is secret. Masked behind a veil, no public knows where it begins or where it ends. Its shadow lengthens over Germany. It crosses frontiers. Eastward into Poland, westward into France—this nameless Ku Klux Klan of Central Europe reaches its long arms; growing every day in power—vast, inscrutable, and cautious.

Five men sit around a table in a beer garden in Munich or Berlin. Never more than five. These five have a special toast—they drink to a death tomorrow. "Konsul," the most sinister of all the German Ku

Klux Klans, is organized in groups of Five. One man knows the other four with whom he meets and works. He knows the organizer who first enlisted him, and who has since vanished from the scene. Beyond that he knows nothing. He does not even know the members of another Group of Five. The trial of the men who came near killing Maximilian Harden showed that the director of the plot did not know from whom the money came for his "expenses." It reached him by general delivery mail. Always, orders to these Groups of Five arrive mysteriously. Some central bureau pulls the strings. And "Konsul" keeps its secrets. The actual culprits may be caught, in any case of murder; but this loose form of organization shields the men who set the machinery in motion.

It is strongest, this alliance, in those parts of Germany where monarchism and reaction have the upper hand. Especially in East Prussia. In fact, so far as the organization has a history, that is where the story starts. Four years ago, the Germans of East Prussia made an attempt to recover the Baltic provinces which the Treaty of Versailles had bestowed on certain smaller nations. For that adventure several thousand soldiers of the disbanded army volunteered. For the most part they were professional army men, with no army left to join; they were attracted, too, by the promise of a parcel of land in case the enterprise succeeded. The adventure failed. But the great landowners of East Prussia, the famous "junkers," saw in these men an excellent body-guard against the encroachment of any form of Socialism, however mild. And they began

to employ the jobless volunteers as "farm-hands." "Farm-hands" they remain today—though in reality they are soldiers.

It is around this nucleus that "Konsul" was constructed. It is possible, today, to boast openly of affiliation with the order, in any parts of East Prussia. It would have been possible to make the same boast anywhere, had the attempt of the military party to seize Berlin, in 1920, and to re-establish monarchism, been successful. Commanding a machine gun brigade in that struggle was a certain Captain Ehrhardt. If the affair had any hero, to Ehrhardt fell that role. When the affair failed, and the spirit it represented was driven underground, there began to spread through Germany a secret order that took the name "Konsul" because "Konsul" was the nickname of the celebrated Ehrhardt. In its growth this order had the support everywhere of the militarists, the hundred per cent monarchists, and at least one faction of the great industrialists (though not Herr Stinnes).

Some light is thrown on the zeal of "Konsul" by this clause, reported on good authority (Dr. Gumbel, "Four Years of Political Murder") to be the bulwark of its faith: "Traitors will be dealt with by the secret blood tribunal." "Traitors" is a way of saying "democrats."

"Konsul" leads the way, in Germany. It sets the pace for political reaction and government by stealth. But it does not stand alone. It shares its field with friendly colleagues. Of these, the best known is the Bavarian "Hakenkreuz." Its members are chiefly youngsters, like the Fascisti volunteers in Italy. Through many a town in southern Germany it marches its young soldiers—wearing steel helmets, gray shirts, and brassards in the old imperial colors—headed by a red flag with the legend, "Germany, Awake!" Twelve mass meetings in Bavaria recently organized the Hakenkreuz into a political party with a program, among other things, "against the weak Berlin Govern-

ment and Versailles Treaty." Ludendorff is one of its supporters.

All told, there are at least 50 kindred organizations scattered throughout Germany, whose methods are terrorism, and whose aims are reaction. The "Alldeutscher Bund" frankly wants the Hohenzollerns back again. The "Schutz und Trutzbund," with a membership above 100,000, concentrates its fire on the Jews. "Konsul" has 200,000 members; the "Jungdeutscher Orden," 80,000. But memberships overlap. One man may belong to a dozen different orders. Probably the estimate for "Konsul" alone is sufficient to include the whole army of terrorists.

What we are witnessing in Germany is nothing isolated and unique, peculiar to that land alone. It is a development in progress the world over. Konsul, Ku Klux Klan and Fascismo are blood-brothers, issuing, at bottom, from similar factors: either impatience with what seems to them the indecision of existing governments; or racial or nationalistic motives; or resentment against new conditions, brought about by the results of the war and republican revolution; and determination, at all costs, and with a simple-mindedness characteristic of our simian race, to find somebody "responsible" for all trouble—someone to play "the goat." It is natural enough that in the beaten countries, where new governments are especially weak in prestige and war burdens doubly heavy, these factors should operate with special force—and give birth to movements lawless and completely desperate.

These secret orders suggest again how closely interwoven are the troubles of the world. Whatever steadies Europe—upholds in this instance the hands of constitutional republicanism in Germany—strikes a more effective blow at "Konsul" than an army of police. What will happen ultimately to these secret "bunds" in Germany is part of the larger question of what the rest of the world will contribute to the situation throughout Central Europe as a whole.

"What Do We Care for 'Abroad'?"

Condensed from *The North American Review* (May '23)

Oscar King Davis

MANY Americans think that foreign trade—the buying of imports as well as the selling of exports—is of no great importance to the nation because it is relatively small compared to our vast domestic commerce. Occasionally some man voices the wish that there might be a greater Chinese Wall around this country that would absolutely keep out all things foreign. That wish has even found expression in Congress. It was a Senator who propounded the famous question: "What do we care for 'Abroad'?"

There are many things in our everyday life so obvious they are often overlooked. The way in which foreign trade touches all of us is one of them. Take a simple illustration. What concern has "Babe" Ruth with foreign trade? His existence as a baseball player depends absolutely on foreign trade. For without foreign trade there would have to be an inconceivable reorganization of the business of baseball in order to preserve any semblance of the game. Several millions of dollars are invested in baseball in the United States, and in all the various leagues some hundreds of thousands of young men are employed. Then there are the thousands and millions of amateur players. All baseballs are made in part of rubber. Some of them contain cork. Neither cork nor rubber is or can be produced in the United States. Rubber is a positively essential element in the manufacture also of footballs, tennis balls, golf balls, and all the range of balls for games. Without foreign trade the vast organization of sports in this country, built upon rubber, would disappear.

The Reader's Digest

Further, crude rubber to the value of more than three hundred million dollars a year is imported into this country from the tropics. The manufacture of it here into the hundreds of articles of daily use by millions of our people employs the labor of many thousands of persons, all of whom earn their living through foreign trade.

But this is only one side of the shield. All this rubber that we use must be paid for, and the payment is made in products of our industry or agriculture which the peoples of the countries where the rubber is produced want more than they want their rubber, just as we want this rubber more than we want our own products. These products of ours which go abroad to pay for rubber require in their production the labor of many more thousands of men and women. So in this one article there is a vast ramification of direct and indirect interest, which in itself touches pretty much every community and every individual in the country.

The fact is that in this country we use a great many more things which come from other countries than most of us realize. The use of many articles and materials of foreign origin has become so much a matter of everyday habit with us that we accept them automatically. Consider, for a minute, the use of canned food products. Canning has improved our general condition of living by giving us, during several months of the year, palatable vegetables and fruits which otherwise we should have to use in their dried state, or do without, and it has facilitated our industrial development, through lessening the im-

portance of proximity to sources of food supply. All this is made possible by foreign trade. A rubber ring is absolutely essential in sealing canned goods put up in glass jars. And if put up in tins, the tin, like rubber, comes from foreign countries.

We all wear shoes or boots. Only about 40 per cent of the sole leather used by American shoemakers is made from home-grown hides. The foreign hides come to the United States to be tanned. In that process, potash, probably from Germany, and quebracho, from Paraguay or Brazil, are used. The nails used in the heels of men's shoes are made of a special kind of steel in which manganese, from Brazil, is an essential part. The welt is first cemented to the sole with a mixture of asphalt, probably from Venezuela, and rubber, from Brazil or the Straits. Then the upper is sewed to the welt with linen thread, made from flax grown in Russia or the Argentine and spun in Ireland or Scotland. The fancy stitching in the upper is of silk from China or Japan, and so is the label bearing the maker's name. The soft tops of high shoes are made usually of goat skins, produced probably in India or China or South America. The tongue in high grade shoes is likely to be Australian kangaroo skin. The little metal eyelets and hooks are made of a composition of nickel from Canada, tin from Malaya or Bolivia, and zinc from Missouri or Mexico. They are covered with a special polish in which several tropical products, like sandarac from Africa, divi-divi from Borneo, tragacanth from Persia, and gum arabic from Egypt are used. When you wear shoes, therefore, the whole world is contributing to your comfort.

Illustrations might be multiplied almost without number, and all of them taken from the commonest facts of our everyday life. It would not make the point any more clear. We

are taking all these products of every nook of the world and using them to increase the comfort and convenience of our life. And since we insist not only in refusing to surrender any of these comforts, but also in seeking for more, we demand that our traders shall go on searching around the world for the materials to improve our enjoyment of life. We mean to take in increasing quantities, from all the world. That is our import trade. We must pay for these products, and there is only one way of doing so. That is with our own exports. That is our export trade.

That brings us to a very curious feature of American mass psychology. Most of us mean only exports when we speak of foreign trade. Most of us have an intangible fear of imports. We do not, as a rule, stop to consider that competitive imports which do or may interfere with the American manufacturer's enjoyment of the domestic market, are only a small minority of our total imports. We do not remember that more than half of what we buy abroad comes from the tropics and is not or cannot be produced here. We overlook the fact that more than half of the remainder—of non-tropical origin—is raw material, giving employment for our labor and capital, activity and prosperity. But there is another plain fact, the failure to understand is stranger still. The imports which we take from other countries constitute their power to take the products of our industry that we are eager to sell.

Our import trade adds to the comfort of every one of us. And when it is realized how it also pays for our exports, the production of which keeps our industry busy and our people employed, it is not so hard to understand why the foreign traders say this trade affects the welfare of every man, woman and child in the United States.

Feeling the Pulse of the Nation

Condensed from Our World (May '23)

Alfred Lucking

The plan here outlined offers a means of determining the will of the people, not only on the question of the League of Nations, but on other great non-partisan issues of the future.

THE greatest of all practical questions now before the American people for settlement is: Shall the United States join the League of Nations? This involves and includes the prevention of future wars, disarmament, economic rehabilitation of Europe, vast reductions of taxation. All other debated questions of politics and policies in the United States sink to insignificance alongside this. Cooperation with other nations to prevent future wars means life or death for civilization itself.

With such conditions confronting us, why do we hesitate? The reason is readily apparent, namely, partisan politics. The party in power is, at least in part, convinced that its success in 1920 was due to its isolation policy. Opponents of the League assert and cultivate this idea, but it is not true, as may be readily shown. Mr. Harding himself, in the campaign, announced and declared himself in favor of an Association of Nations "with teeth in it." Thirty-one of the greatest leaders of the Republican party, including Messrs. Taft, Root, Hughes, Hoover, Colby and Wickersham, advised the American people on October 14, 1920, in a signed proclamation, to vote for Mr. Harding as the surest and quickest way to get the United States into a League of Nations. Millions of our citizens who voted for Mr. Harding are in favor of

the League, or a league. It is therefore wholly erroneous to say that this question was decided in the election of Mr. Harding.

But what can be done? We are rapidly drifting towards another federal election, and inevitably this question will be again hurled into the national arena, commingled and confused with twenty other questions, and inextricably linked with the ambitions of individual candidates. The curse of the situation is partisan politics. Is there no way for the men and women of America to decide this question on its merits, without abandoning their Republicanism or their Democracy? While favorable to the League, they do not wish to injure their party by voting against the party candidates in order to establish a true policy as to this international question.

We submit that there is a way to separate the issue wholly from party politics, and that is by a national Referendum on this question alone. This Referendum may be taken easily, accurately and inexpensively. It cannot be done in the manner of the usual election because that would involve great expense and the setting up of complete new federal machinery. The United States has no election officials or machinery. State officials would be under no obligations to serve the United States law. Hence, new officials, new voting places, new machinery throughout would have to be provided. Also, if the voters were required to go to the polls to vote on this question alone, a very light vote would be the result.

There is a simple and inexpensive method, and that is a Referendum by mail. This would result in a far

larger vote and a much wider expression of public opinion. On the part of the voter it would involve only the act of making a cross before Yes or No—the signing of his name, the enclosing of the voting slip in the return envelope sent to him by the supervisor of the Referendum, and the mailing of the envelope. The lists of registered voters of each state are readily obtainable. The expense to the government would be trivial, quite negligible compared with the vastness of the issue and of the results.

It is designed to make this vote advisory to the government, not compulsory. The result would be morally compelling upon the government, but it would not legally bind it. As to its constitutionality, Congress may take advice from any source it may choose. The respective Houses are constantly seeking advice from Commissions and other sources, and may with equal or far greater propriety, take the sense of the American people upon a question so vital.

Somebody has objected that the electors are not well enough posted on the question to vote intelligently upon it. But, we answer, the people have already heard and read much discussion of the issue. Nevertheless, it is part of the plan to place the date of voting at least four months in advance, so that nation-wide discussion and debate may be held. The spectacle of a whole nation soberly and thoughtfully considering this great issue, involving the future of the world and civilization, would be in itself inspiring and elevating. The question would be discussed on its own merits in every schoolhouse, church, forum, and society in the land. All personal candidacies, individual ambitions and hopes of victory would be eliminated, all partisanship laid aside. Never in the history of gov-

ernments of the world has there been so grand and lofty a spectacle—the people themselves quietly, earnestly and sincerely debating and deciding for themselves and for all future generations, the great issue of peace or war. To say that our people are not competent to deal with this question is to say that free government is a failure.

The outstanding virtue of a Referendum is that it enables every elector to vote his conviction as to our joining the League and at the same time maintain his or her regular party allegiance. Millions of Republicans love their party, its traditions, its history, and cannot bear the thought of voting against its candidates or its domestic policies, and at the same time they believe it is the duty and privilege of America to enter the League and cooperate to restore the world. The people are becoming profoundly stirred on this issue and before long will burst party bonds in order to reach the goal. The question will never be settled until it is settled right. The Referendum offers the open, honest, simple, inexpensive solution.

The people should be given a fair opportunity of deciding this question, free from all party questions and free from personal candidacies. Surely the President himself, pulled and hauled in every direction by contending factions, would welcome a direct mandate from the people themselves which he would be only too glad to follow.

This question is too great to be made the football of party politics. It embraces the world and reaches ahead into the ages, and as such should be faced and settled by the American people.

Smoke-Stacks in Eden

Condensed from *The Century Magazine* (May, '23)

Charles Merz

AN unusually powerful statement of the factors underlying revolt against industrialism has recently appeared in *The Century Magazine* (Reader's Digest, Feb., '23), the work of Nathaniel Peffer. Personally, I find myself agreeing more or less with Mr. Peffer's criticisms of the machine age in its present station—if he stops there. But the thing that troubles me is that Mr. Peffer is typical of a growing school of modern writers who are unconsciously romanticizing their alternatives.

Take this matter of "standardization." We have our share of it. But what about China? Village after village as alike as peas; coolies staggering like bullocks under loads of stone; women hobbling on bound feet to labor 16 hours at the work one tractor could perform in 16 minutes; children dragging tired little bodies home to standardized huts. Where is the variation in all that? Abject poverty can be just as effective a standardizer as industrial machinery. Or, turn to the far smaller company of skilled workmen. These people, it is true, are more often their own craftsmen and their own masters, than skilled labor in our modern West. But strictly within limits! To call these workmen "independent" because they are independent of machinery is to forget that they are independent of very little else. How independent is a man when the line that shades off into starvation, as Mr. Peffer himself points out, "is always within sight," or when, as in India, because there is no modern science to oppose the ravages of epidemics, four million people die of fever every year?

Consider even this matter of ma-

The Reader's Digest

chinery-destroying beauty. Ugly little steel towns like Duquesne and Braddock? Granted. And great scars in peaceful Chinese valleys where Famine has lunged with a cruel knife. The Woolworth Tower cannot stand with the Taj Mahal, but it is the peer of any other edifice in India. And the fact remains that most of India's temples are dedicated to superstition, built by half-starved coolies, smarting beneath the lash.

It is necessary to admit that if medical men in our industrial era are being called upon to handle cases of frayed nerves resulting from too great monotony in factory jobs, they have also to deal with cases resulting from too great a call upon initiative; that if monotony is stifling for some workmen, there is another type of workman for whom the repetition of an easy process has a comfortable appeal. Henry Ford admits that some of the operations in his plant "are so monotonous that it seems scarcely possible that any man would care to continue long at the same job." Nevertheless, there are men who seem to like it. "Probably the most monotonous task in the whole factory is one in which a man picks up a gear with a hook, shakes it in a vat of oil, then turns it into a basket. Yet the man on that job has been doing it for 8 solid years. He has saved and invested until he has now about \$40,000—and he stubbornly resists every attempt to force him into a better job."

Factories anywhere could duplicate this instance. Men are probably no more alike in their reaction to monotony than they are in any other way. We may wish that industrialism might furnish wider opportuni-

ties for "the creative spirit," but do we know that the creative spirit is there *now*, in every instance, being ground to death by the machine or smothered by monotony?

What is monotony, anyway? Are we certain in what degree it is the monotony of the kind of work a man does, and in what degree it is the monotony of being forced to do any kind of work at all? In what degree is it the monotony of the job itself, and in what degree the monotony of meager outside interests, with little time to enjoy them? The wife of a tenement-dweller has a more varied workday than her husband in his factory, cooking, sweeping, washing, ironing; but probably most of us believe that longer hours and fewer contacts with the outside world make her life more of a grind than his.

In another of his criticisms of our modern age we may agree with Mr. Pepper that the press does not supply its readers regularly with disinterested information. But is that primarily the result of an industrial era? Or does there enter into it that same will to believe what's interesting and what's profitable that colors "news" when one man repeats it to his neighbor from one Chinese village to another? Most of us want news that feeds our prejudices and our preconceived beliefs. Far from having editorialized opinion forced upon us, we actually prefer it boiler-plated. We will go to any lengths rather than take the intolerable trouble of thinking for ourselves.

We show that in our attitude toward war. Mr. Pepper argues that industrialism breeds international conflict. Well, China has had her share of fighting; has it now. And wholesale banditry, as well. And it may be that the one way to "end war" is to make it superlatively costly. That, at any rate, machinery can do.

Science we are truly mastering. But to what end? asks Mr. Pepper. By

what is life enriched out of all these giant processes of supermen? What do the Chinese miss in not hearing the radio caroling "I'm Just Wild about Harry?" It would be easy to point out that modern mechanics have had little to do with choice of airs, and that the Chinese coolie, far away from industrialism, is still more likely to whistle his Chinese counterpart of "I'm Just Wild about Harry" than of "Anitra's Dance." But more than that, if there is any benefit in national unity, it is not a point that can be lightly shrugged away as trivial that the same air which has won fame on Broadway is whistled some two months later by the newsboy in Spokane, and the stevedore in Charleston. Station X.Y.Z., at Shanghai, may yet come to the aid of faction-ridden China, broadcasting "Silver Threads Among the Gold." Nor is that all. It is well, too, to remember that if inventions approaching the sublime contribute also to the ridiculous, it is often only incidentally. The dancing lights in an advertising sign also burn above the table where surgeons are operating for cancer. And if the wireless pipes its jangling little rag-times, it calls across the ocean, too, for rescue.

Mr. Pepper warns us that man and all his works should not be judged by the brief span from 1800 to 1921. It is fair to ask that man and his machine age be not judged on the same brief basis. To Mr. Pepper's criticism that "universal education," for example, is only "universal literacy," the obvious reply is that "education" will never be attained unless "literacy" precedes it. The machine age is only in its infancy. To suppose that in its present form it is anything but a casual bit of blundering transition is surely to look only a short way ahead. The machine age is far from static. Even our machines themselves may take a tack that will send more than one of the premises of romantic criticism flying.

Twilight Sleep

Condensed from McClure's Magazine (May, '23)

Edna Purdy Walsh

OVER a period of eight years McClure's Magazine has published authentic records of Twilight Sleep. No article the magazine ever presented attracted more attention than its first account of the subject, in 1914.

In 1919 the average rate of infant mortality for the United States was 8.6 per cent. The average rate in 1921 for New York City was 7.1 per cent; for Chicago, 8.9 per cent. Among the babies born under Twilight Sleep, the Long Island College Hospital had an infant mortality of 2.5 per cent in 1,000 cases. In Kansas City, under the care of Dr. George C. Mosher, the infant mortality of the latest 500 cases of Twilight Sleep babies is 2.8 per cent. In Chicago, at the Mary Thompson Hospital, Dr. Bertha Van Hoosen has conducted 2,031 cases of Twilight Sleep, with an infant mortality of 2.3 per cent.

"Twilight Sleep has come to stay," says Dr. Sidney Jacobson of New York who has recently returned from Europe. "In a certain German clinic upwards of 10,000 cases of Twilight Sleep are on record, with a lower percentage of infant mortality than the other cases. I believe that Twilight Sleep will do for obstetrics what anesthesia has done for surgery. Of course it goes without saying that those who practice the administration of Twilight Sleep must be familiar with all the details of the correct technique."

Dr. W. O. Greenwood of London says, "Twilight Sleep, properly administered, not only involves no risk to the infant, but there are actual material benefits to be gained. No one denies that the infant, through placental circulation, receives a small

dose of the scopolamine and morphine, but with the right technique, this amount is kept within safe limits, and under these conditions the infant is protected from the pain and shock of a tedious and difficult birth. Virtually all this could be saved by the correct use of Twilight Sleep. Over and over again have I proved the truth of this assertion."

Dr. Polak of the Long Island College Hospital said recently: "In my 10 years' practice with scopolamine-morphine I have not seen a single infant death which could possibly be attributed to its use. There is no danger to the infant from its use."

There is no mystery about the use of scopolamine-morphine. At the onset of labor the patient is given one-hundredth of a grain of scopolamine and an eighth of a grain of morphine. Two or three additional doses of scopolamine are given, at intervals. The degree of anesthesia is tested by asking the patient the time of day or to do something requiring coordination of the voluntary muscles.

The remarkable fact is that the patient wakes in perfect composure and rest. The anesthetic simply severs temporarily the responses of the body from the pain centers of the brain. It does not paralyze the body as do other anesthetics, and herein lies its advantage in childbirth. Dr. Bertha Van Hoosen of Chicago had ten years' experience in the use of this anesthetic in surgery, before using it in cases of childbirth. "Why drug the body," says Dr. Van Hoosen, "when it is the brain alone that feels pain? I want my patient's body to work during labor. It *must* work. I simply put the brain to rest, leaving the body to go on in all the normal,

easy contractions of labor as God meant it to be, in order to bring the little life safely into the world. 'Mental sleep,' with absence of fear and pain, delivers a healthy baby; and a refreshed mother awakens the next morning with raptures instead of exhaustion, to find a wonder baby for whom she has not suffered to the nth power of cruelty in giving birth." Dr. Van Hoosen read a noteworthy paper at the meeting of the International Congress of Medicine, at Budapest.

The Frances Willard Hospital, in Chicago, is a noted Twilight Sleep Hospital. The Cook County Hospital administers the Sleep. The Barnes Hospital, St. Louis, uses nothing but Twilight Sleep in its obstetrical departments.

One unadmitted cause of opposition to Twilight Sleep should be mentioned. In the pressure of general practice, doctors often do not remain with confinement cases throughout labor. Now, Twilight Sleep, like other anesthetics, to be given properly, demands attendance by a medical person throughout labor. When Twilight Sleep is practiced in the hospital, a medical attendant is constantly present. Needless to say, that should be the case with all confinements, with or without anesthesia. But in the present state of obstetrical practice in the country it is not customary.

In the last 80 years the world has seen an immense advance in the world of medicine, but obstetrics has not kept pace with the rest of medicine. During the 17 years from 1900 to 1917 the typhoid rate has been reduced to one-third the former rate, the diphtheria rate reduced more than one-half, the tuberculosis rate has been reduced more than one-half. But in the United States no indication of a decrease in the maternal death rate at childbirth has yet appeared.

"I think we may take it as settled

without further discussion," says Dr. Henry S. Williams ("Twilight Sleep," Harper and Brothers) "that the agonies of childbirth do not benefit the mother. No one has claimed, I believe, that they benefit the child. Shall we not say unreservedly, then, that painful childbirth in this age of scientific medicine is an unwarranted anachronism? And when we have said this, why not go further and say that it is a reproach to medical science, and a blemish on our boasted twentieth-century civilization?"

The mother of a baby born in a California hospital administering Twilight Sleep writes thus of her experience:

In the hospital, waiting, I had talked with several of the very new Twilight mothers. They were so happy, so entirely free from weakness or pain. Their babies were doing splendidly. Then my time comes. The nurse pricks me with a hypodermic needle. I am asked a quiet question or two. The outstanding memory of that night is the doctor leaning over me and saying, "Now go to sleep, and we'll have your baby for you when you wake up."

And so it was. No unpleasant sensations. I simply relaxed and went to sleep. A few minutes later I opened my eyes, realizing that it had been nine hours. My baby? Assured that my little girl had been born during the night's merciful twilight, my comfortable relaxation continued. In fact, I have felt perfectly well ever since that first dim waking. I could have left the hospital, it seemed to me, the third day. My baby was wonderfully healthy and has remained so.

It is interesting to add that in the California town where the writer of this account lives, there are a number of Twilight babies. In a "better baby" week contest in this town, an out-of-town baby specialist, knowing nothing of the circumstances of the babies' birth, ranked the babies of the town according to this schedule: 70-80, fair; 80-90, good; 90-100 excellent. They were classed by age. All Twilight babies scored over 90. The highest in each class was a Twilight baby.

Have You Quit Asking Questions?

Condensed from *The American Magazine* (May '23)

Dr. Frank Crane

DR. CHARLES STEINMETZ says there are no foolish questions, and that no man becomes a fool until he stops asking questions. Curiosity is a powerful thing. It is a great force, and, like every other force, it is bad or good according to the way in which you use it. The question about any power is whether it is your master or your servant, whether it is trained or lawless. Curiosity is really the motive force of a vigorous mind. When it is trained and used it is of the greatest value; when it is untrained it is a nuisance.

The whole world exists for the children. The family without children is like the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out. And the most characteristic thing about the child is its curiosity. The reason for this is that curiosity is the natural expression of the life force, and children are more alive than grown-ups. When we cease to be curious we are dead ones. Curiosity is an indication of growth. And the child's chief business is to grow. We should not be irritated by this, but should train this great force to useful things. If the child is to be successful he will need a strong and vigorous curiosity, and we will have done him a great service when we have shown him how so to direct this force of curiosity as to give him initiative, to make him efficient, and in every way a superior person.

If we examine the matter, we will see that curiosity is the real cause of the progress of the human race. The start in the improvement of human conditions is almost always made out of sheer curiosity, that is, by making all sorts of experiments to see what will happen. From experiments with

bits of curved glass in the 13th century have come our microscopes, telescopes, spectroscopes, and cameras, and a vast deal of information concerning the universe. From experiments with chemicals came gunpowder, and an alteration in warfare. A boy's curiosity with a teakettle led to the steam engine, and a new era in industry. Newton, whose curiosity was said to have been awakened by the falling of an apple, eventually discovered the great law of gravitation. In 1831, Faraday was wondering what would happen if he mounted a copper disc between the poles of a horseshoe magnet. As the disc revolved an electric current was produced, from which experiment have come the infinite applications of electricity as motive power which have transformed the world.

Out of the curious experiments of the laboratory at any time may come some discovery that may change the entire conditions of the dispute between labor and capital; or some new force from the atom that shall relegate the steam engine and the gas engine to the scrap heap.

But the urge of curiosity may be frittered away, just as we fritter away money or love. It may result in making us simply busybodies. When we run to the window to see who is calling at our neighbor's, when we open and read another person's letter, when we listen in at a telephone conversation—that is curiosity run to waste. It is morbid curiosity that makes us like to read details of scandal in the newspapers and tattle about the intimate concerns of people that are none of our affair.

And now the question comes home to each one of us: Am I sufficiently

alive to be justified in calling myself alive? And is my curiosity trained so that I am curious about the right things and in the right way? Or do my curious instincts simply dribble away into idle and perhaps vicious channels. Here are a few tests:

Take it in your business. Are you curious enough to want to know all about that business and everything that pertains to it? Do you realize that the knowledge that such curiosity obtains would be to you a great source of power? If you are a clerk in a dry-goods store, have you ever wondered about the different goods you sell, and where they all come from? To be a master in any business you must take pains to inform yourself about everything pertaining to it.

If you are a school-teacher are you curious enough to find out the various theories of education and to examine and test them in your classroom? If you are a mechanic, do you spend much of your spare time in digging into the mysteries of mechanics, reading all sorts of books, talking with well-informed people, and making curious experiments? Whether you are going to be a great mechanic or a little one depends very largely upon the amount of curiosity that is urging you.

If you are a parent, are you studying your children as interesting problems, making a note of their peculiarities and trying to find out how to handle them? Do you know there is such a science as child training and a lot of books published upon the subject? Have you ever tried to find out the laws of child growth and the best methods of developing intellectual and moral strength in your child?

Take books. Does fiction exhaust all your curious impulse? If so, you are apt to become sloppy-minded and

vacuous. Does a scientific book ever challenge your curiosity? Or a book on economics or art or morals or history? Of course it is harder work to study than it is merely to read; but that simply means that study requires more of the steam of curiosity to make it go. And the amount of enjoyment you get out of the world you live in depends largely upon how well your curiosity has been encouraged and trained. If you respond but little to the beauties of nature—the different kinds of trees and other plant life, or the wonders of the heavens—it is because you have not been sufficiently curious to study enough to acquire a pleasing acquaintance with the world we live in. If your curiosity had been trained to push forward in these directions, would not the world be a much more interesting place to live in? Would you not be less easily bored?

In your own home, have you any decent sort of an equipment of the machinery of curiosity? Have you an unabridged dictionary in which you can find out all about any new word you happen to hear? Do you really care to know what is the proper pronunciation of this or that word? Have you an encyclopedia and a gazeteer that can satisfy your curiosity about some place or person that has newly come to your attention?

Above all, are you bringing up your children with all the means of stimulating and training their healthful, natural, and creative curiosity, or are you letting their curiosity run wild, to lead them into inefficiency, idleness, and perhaps evil? The more a child is alive the more he asks why. Are you just as constantly trying to equip yourself either to answer his questions or to show him how he can find out the answers for himself?

True Farmer Cooperation

Condensed from *The World's Work* (May '23)

Aaron Sapiro

THE important point in practically every cooperative association in

California lies in the fact that it is based on the commodity idea instead of the locality idea. On the other hand, all the Middle Western cooperatives are built around one place, and are competitive. No one cares where wheat is produced. You don't but geography; you buy the product. Our orange growers' association is composed of 228 locals, federated into 20 districts, with the districts federated into one central exchange. One office routes practically every car of oranges shipped cooperatively from the West. But it took many years to learn that dominant point in the California idea. Our other associations didn't even learn from the experiences of the orange growers. Many of them organized locally and bumped themselves before they recognized that.

Another universal rule is that a cooperative commodity association must be composed of farmers only. Not a single outsider should be allowed to join. Furthermore, there must be no politics in the association—nothing but straight business from the ground up. We don't permit discussions on subjects that have nothing to do with our commercial problem.

The first thing we think of when we organize an association is "How permanent can we make it?" When it is first organized it must organize for a long period, anywhere from 5 to 15 years. The new raisin contracts are for 15 years. That gives the association a chance for mobilization on a permanent basis, a chance to work out a merchandising policy, a chance to make trade connections and to de-

velop personnel. Take the question of advertising. No one supposes that advertising for one year gives us any real result. There must be a cumulative effect. The consumption of oranges in the United States was increased 300 per cent in a period of less than 7 years by the advertising of the California Fruit Growers' Exchange. In 3 years the consumption of prunes was increased from 47,000,000 pounds to 112,000,000 pounds.

And we go still further; we organize not only from a permanent standpoint, but just as one would organize a bank. A minimum is fixed at once for our cooperative contracts, and no contract is effective until that minimum is reached. With raisins the minimum was 75 per cent of the growers. Then those growers are tied to each other under as tight a contract as can be drawn. We see to it that if any man signs a contract he is going to deliver his product. We have taken the contract into court time after time, and not only got liquidated damages, but likewise got injunctions to prevent delivery to other people. We always realize that the speculators are interested in preventing our success; sometimes they keep fighting until we wipe them out. The speculator gets some growers. We have welchers occasionally; then we need strength in the contract.

The association grades the product; pools by grades; sells the products; deducts the cost of doing business; then the balance goes to the growers proportionately. The farmers know that their sales will be handled successfully, because they know they have an expert in a position where specialized knowledge is the first requirement. We have unquestionably

the finest experts in their lines in our industries. Bankers are employed for financing problems, and railroad men for transportation.

Every association experiments. They experiment with the package, with every phase of production and consumption. They experimented with the package prune — so that they won't sugar, won't mold. The egg association found a process by which we could take perfectly fresh eggs and by machinery dip them in oil at a temperature of 240 degrees. The process boils that little filament underneath the shell and makes it impervious to air. Such an egg may be put in ordinary storage for a year or two years; and the egg can be poached at the end of that period, and no one can tell in any way that it is not an absolutely fresh egg. The public is going to get marvellous advantage out of processed eggs, when those eggs become better known.

In sections of the country where this new system of orderly distribution of agricultural products has been introduced the farmer is transformed into a man of accomplished efforts, through better roads, better schools, and an added number of churches injecting higher aims and a sense of social responsibility. The justification of cooperative marketing is that it has been the means of a more progressive form of living and a superior type of citizenship, as well as an economic remedy.

The farmer's is the only part of modern industry (besides art) in which you have individual production. And people think that because the farmer produces individually, marketing is an individual problem. But marketing is not individual at all. It is a group problem. You cannot market without a distinct consideration of what all the other producers are doing at the same time. You

cannot market without knowing what the market absorption is, or what the market demand is, what the money markets are, and the other elements of trade. Marketing can be done sanely only on a collective basis, and through organized effort.

It has been proved in California that the farmers can solve their own problems by purely economic means. Moreover, the cooperatives have stabilized industries. That is why in California, if the producers do have a hard year, the Non-partisan League cannot make them listen to its tenets. Practically all the dominant industries are organized, and on a huge scale. We have 97 per cent of all the berry growers in central California in one association; 86 per cent of the almond growers in one association; 92 per cent of the raisin growers; 83 per cent of the apricot growers; 80 per cent of the prune growers; over 75 per cent of the walnut growers; over 80 per cent of the peach growers; 75 per cent of the lima bean growers, and so on. We have even organized the egg industry — the most difficult industry of all to organize — and handled last year twenty million dozen eggs.

So you can organize, no matter how difficult it seems at the start. The California idea has been adopted by numerous states. It has been adopted bodily by Canada. The Canadians are now studying their wheat industry, for a five-year plan. The cotton men are organized in 12 states. The tobacco men of Virginia and the Carolinas, and all other states have already organized on the California plan. There are all kinds of industries; there are all kinds of problems in each. But there are really fundamental principles that you can apply to tobacco, as well as to strawberries and beans.

The Privilege of Living

Condensed from The Ladies' Home Journal

Harry Emerson Fosdick

IT was said of Sir Walter Scott that he enjoyed more in 24 hours than most men do in a week. Such happiness may not be the only recommendation necessary to establish a man's character, but, other things being equal, it should count heavily in his favor. Goodness which is not radiant has something the matter with it.

That happiness is a test of character can be seen from the fact that no relationship in human life ever comes to its best until it flowers out into the sense of privilege. Even the relationship of teacher and pupil is not fulfilled so long as the instructor by duress and discipline is forcing stolid children to do their work. Only where intellectual curiosity is set on fire, has the relationship come into its own. In home life also happiness clearly is a test. Often marriage sinks to burdensome obligation — no more. There are other homes where folk live together who would not be married to anybody else for all the world. As for friendship, it is not enough to speak of that in terms of a duty, obligation, responsibility. One must speak of that in terms of privilege. If friendship meant to anyone no more than duty to which he dragged himself with reluctant steps, we would pray to have him leave our circle.... Happiness, therefore, is a real test of the fineness and success of our relationships. "We need not care," said Stevenson about happy people, "whether they could prove the 47th proposition; they do a better thing than that, they practically demonstrate the great theorem of the Liveableness of Life."

This test of happiness is plainly applicable to duty. On warm spring days a schoolboy may miserably endeavor to break in his mind on the study of history. "The battle of Marathon," he reads "was fought in 490 B. C." — and then across his imagination floats the vision of the brook where he trout begin to rise. Alas, the burden of studying history! But if that boy is to become a real historian, little by little the consciousness of what is excluded by his study will grow dim. More and more the sense of privilege in knowing history will become warm. If ever a man is to be a real anything, the sense of privilege will be the sign. A physician to whom doctoring is not a privilege is no real physician. A teacher to whom teaching is not a privilege is no real teacher. A friend to whom friendship is not a privilege is no real friend. When we think of real patriots we think of Nathan Hale, who wished that he had more lives to give for his country. When we think of real heroes we think of David Livingstone, who so loved his hazardous explorations that he thought he had never made a sacrifice in his life. When we think of a real Christian we think of a man like Paul, who even in a prison could thank God for counting him worthy to be in the ministry. One of the saddest facts in human life is the general impression that duty is grim, hard, forbidding, and that if one wishes to be happy he would better break away from it. "I know this must be bad for me," said a young boy with a favorite desert, "because it tastes so good."

If any one insists on discovering something to be unhappy over, there

is nothing to prevent his finding it. Unfortunate elements exist in any man's life. Every life has its weak spots, its lamentable elements, and if we insist on emphasizing them we can make miserable business out of living. Tyndall said that a bucket or two of water, whipped into a cloud, can obscure an Alpine peak. In practical experience, the heights of life are often hidden by just such a process. Upon the other hand, there are few lives where a positive and appreciative attitude will not discover plenty of things to be happy over. A young soldier during the war landed at Southampton with both his legs cut off close to the hips. Even the surgeon winced. "That is hard luck," he said. "Oh, I don't know," said the soldier, "I thank my God that I have my health and strength yet!" The plain fact is that some of the happiest people we have ever known have been in difficult circumstances; but for all that, they were living radiant and victorious lives.

The kind of insight which discovers happiness in difficult situations, commonplace people and customary tasks is one of the surest tests of character, for it always involves generosity, appreciativeness, love. The one man who cannot know abiding happiness is the self-absorbed man. Dr. C. R. Brown tells us of a trip up the Rhine. An American family boarded the boat and asked for some ice cream. Informed there was none, they became very unhappy. All day they grumbled. The trip took them past famous beauty spots but they missed most of the beauty — they wanted some ice cream.

It is a great day in any man's life when he discerns that no situation is without its redeeming elements, no task without its interesting opportunities, no people without their picturesque aspects; that nothing in life is really commonplace; that commonplaceness in others is only lack of insight in ourselves.

*The street begins to masquerade
When Shakespeare passes by.*

Real happiness is indissolubly associated with freedom. No cramped and smothered life is happy. People are happy as they become inwardly free. All movements for human welfare can be interpreted in terms of this desired release of life from pinching handicaps into fulfillment and abundance. To lift the economic burdens which depress life and spoil opportunity, to liberate folk from the slavery of their diseases and ignorance—all these endeavors to give persons a chance to be their best selves are crusades for human emancipation and happiness. Nobody doubts the place of education or of economic betterment in this list of life's liberators, but there is one force which ought to be in this list which many people do not think of putting there — religion.

It never will be altogether well with us until we see that religion at the best is a great emancipator of personality, and until we get more religion at its best to function toward that end. Strangely enough, many folk, so far from thinking of religion as a radiant, joyful, liberating force, class it in an opposite category. Nevertheless, the men who best have known what Christian living is have always talked of it in terms of liberty. And Christianity has a right to be judged in terms of its own noblest exhibitions and not in terms of its perversions and caricatures. Music to some people is one of the noblest and most liberating gifts of God to men; it takes spirits grown heavy and gives them wings to fly. But to others music is ragtime and the ribald songs of vaudeville. Music, however, has a right to be understood in terms of its noblest utterance. So, too, has religion. Much popular Christianity is repressive, constraining, imprisoning to mind and spirit. But it is that because it is not really Christian.

Real Christians do not carry their religion, their religion carries them. It is not weight; it is wings. It lifts them up, it sees them over hard places, it makes the universe seem friendly, life purposeful, hope real, sacrifice worth while. It sets them free from fear, futility, discouragement and sin—the great enslavers of men's souls. You can know a real Christian, when you see him, by his buoyancy.

The Hosts of Black Labor

Condensed from *The Nation* (May 9, '23)

W. E. Burghardt Du Bois

A MERICAN industry is slowly beginning to awake to the fact that there is in this country a great reservoir of labor which has been only partially tapped. The South has nine million black folk of whom five million are productive workers. Lynching, lawlessness, wretched wages and debt-peonage, lack of schools, and disfranchisement have slowly but surely made them ripe for change.

With the beginning of the World War there occurred the greatest revolution in migration which the Negro has known for a century; by census figures, the net gain of the North and West and loss of the South between 1910 and 1920 was 334,526 black folk. Just as the cutting down of immigration during the war made a scarcity of common labor, so the new immigration laws together with expanding business are having the same effect at present. The result of this immigration may be conjectured. The Memphis "Commercial Appeal" of December 24 declared that within 90 days more than 12,000 Negroes had left the cotton fields of Mississippi and Arkansas for the industrial plants of Chicago, St. Louis, and Detroit. It stated that on an average 200 Negroes leave every night from Memphis northward. From Georgia we learn that some "13 per cent or 32,000 of the total Negro farmhands in Georgia have moved North during the last 12 months." South Carolina and Florida offer figures almost as startling, while the migration during one recent week of more than 5,000 unskilled Negro laborers from North Carolina has resulted in the shutting

down of some 50 highway construction projects. In Arkansas, "there is a certain alarm in all circles over the large outflow of Negroes to Northern points."

W. P. Conyers, a white citizen of South Carolina and former member of the State Board of Pardons, said in a recent speech: "We have educated many Negroes, and it is from this class of educated, intelligent, industrious, thinking Negroes that the emigrants are coming. It is from the very class of Negro that the South can least afford to lose. But the thinking Negro, the Negro with some education, some ambition, a desire to better care for his family and educate his children, is going North in large numbers. And he doesn't come back."

There is no sign that even this continued migration of its labor force is really impressing the South. There is no real diminution of Southern lynchings; there is no disposition to let the Negro vote; there is some improvement in schools, although this is seldom in country districts; and above all there is the sinister growth of the Ku Klux Klan. And there is still the slave-holding psychology. The Commissioner of Labor in Georgia openly declares that his department is going to stop the "enticing" of Negroes away by arresting "labor agent parasites" and "heavily fining" them; and by other methods of law and force. Can he keep Negroes in the South by these methods? Last December the Memphis "Commercial Appeal" reported the case of a Negro who said he had worked 10 years on one plantation, and this year in settling up he had only \$50 coming to him.

The Negro is increasingly determined not to submit to Southern caste rule. But this does not minimize his difficulties in the North. First he must find a job, and between him and the better jobs stand the labor unions. Undoubtedly in the North the attitude of the labor union has reflected the attitude of the white public. There has been a determined effort to keep the black laborers out of the skilled unions, and while the unions have had to give in here and there, there has been little real change in this policy of exclusion. No Negro can belong to any of the railroad unions.

But with common labor scarce and semi-skilled labor unorganized the Negro can gain a foothold, although often this involves "scabbing" and increasing hatred and prejudice. He accepts low wages and long hours because even these are better than Southern peonage.

In addition to this the new Negro laborer is immediately forced upon the established Northern Negro group, whose security depends largely upon the non-agitation of the race problem. If racial differences are not emphasized by newspapers or by new facts the Northern Negro becomes gradually a citizen judged by his individual deserts and abilities. If, however, there comes a sudden new migration, the level of intelligence and efficiency in these newcomers is almost inevitably below that of the Negro already established in the North. Public opinion lumps the new with the old without discrimination. New racial irritation, hatreds, and segregations arise. The problem of new dwelling-places becomes severe and it is a double problem, for not only must the new black men have homes, but the white home owners must protect the beauty,

moral level, and value of their homes. The Northern Negro, therefore, faces a peculiar dilemma. He knows that his Southern brother will and must migrate just as he himself migrated either in this generation or the last. He feels more or less acutely his own duty to help the newcomer. But on the other hand, the black Northerner knows what this migration costs. In the years from 1900 to 1922 there has been an average of a race riot in the United States every year, half of them in the South and half in the North. In these same years, 1,563 Negroes have been lynched; since the war 34 Negroes have been burned alive at the stake. In other words the race war is not simply a future possibility—it is here.

From this turmoil and interaction of interests and human passions has come one very great result and that is the pushing of the American Negro by sheer necessity to a higher point of courage, intelligence, and determination, of economic stability and clear thinking than ever before in his history or in the modern history of any Negro group. The Negro is not going to be satisfied with a permanent position of caste inferiority.

Here then is the critical time. What shall the public say? It cost Chicago 38 deaths, 537 injured, and millions of dollars in money to make an unsuccessful and bitterly regretted attempt at a wrong method of race adjustment.

The public in the end must say: There is but one way out. The South must reform its attitude toward the Negro. The North must reform its attitude toward common labor. The unions must give up monopoly as a method of social uplift. The Negro must develop democracy within as well as without the race.

East of Constantinople

Excerpts from *The National Geographic Magazine* (May, '23)

Melville Chater

COME along into the Kemalst country with me," said my chauffeur friend in Constantinople. "But there's a war on," I demurred. "You can get by as my mechanic. Put on overalls, smudge up your hands and face." "What are you going in for?" My friend, who is in the service of an American relief organization, answered with a peculiar look, "To take in a can of axle grease to the Talas unit!"

After steaming two days up the Black Sea in a boat crammed with Turkish passengers, who publicly washed and prayed, and munched dried fish, whittled off with knives, we were landed at Samsun. Our baggage came through the customs after paying stiff payments. The Kemalists were taxing everything 33 1-3 per cent and were busily enforcing the Koran's dry law of 600 A. D. by **confiscating all wines and liquors**. It is that kind of confiscation whereby you are approached on the street next day, being offered the identical bottle of cognac that was taken from you on the pier. Decidedly, prohibition pays—in Anatolia.

Samsun is the receiving port for the camel-trains which are constantly moving northward or southward across the 500 miles of naked country lying between the Black Sea and the Euphrates. Camels, donkeys, draft-oxen, as well as the representatives of half a dozen Anatolian peoples, throng its cobbled ways. The traveling butcher-shop (a donkey bearing a kind of sandwich-board whereon hang joints of meat) ambles past. Among other things, Samsun contains an American hospital, a Turkish swamp, and much malaria.

The hospital director undertook to fill in the swamp, which lay within sight of his windows. His act almost created a panic among the local officials. He was given to understand that if the swamp was filled in, there must necessarily be a discontinuance of the annual appropriation which for 30 years had been made for that special purpose.

Next day we loaded a motor-truck with our equipment. Encircling the truck's water nozzle was a necklace of blue beads, such as Orientals hang on their draft animals as amulets against the Evil Eye. "My Turkish chauffeur claims that the Evil Eye can puncture a tire just as easily as it can lame a horse," explained my friend. . . . Out on the treeless plain of Anatolia, we passed wayside heaps of stone from time to time. At one of these an old Turk descended from his cart, tossed a pebble on the pile, then resumed his way. My friend told me, "The stone piles are supposed to hold down evil spirits who are given to laming horses. Cheapest known form of travel insurance. But here comes the Anatolian fast freight!" It was a string of 100 grain-laden camels which had come 500 miles, speeding along at the rate of 15 miles per day. The train was carrying 300 pounds per camel, or a total of 15 tons—an American freight carload—and a glance at the freight invoice showed that the charges per mile amounted to \$3.60. According to these figures the Anatolian fast freight would be nearly 7 months en route from New York to San Francisco, and would deliver its equivalent of one 15-ton carload at a cost of almost \$11,000.

From time to time we were solici-

ted for lifts. "Country's full of bandits," said my friend. "Once, outside Merzivan, I picked up a very decent-looking chap. We traveled all day long and I dropped him at Sivas. Next morning I found my friend hanging on a gallows in the public square. It was the bandit chief himself." . . . It was sunset when we entered the narrow, mud-walled streets of Merzivan, where minarets rose, pink-flushed, and housewives were winnowing grain on their doorsteps and the pariah dogs yelped and the children yelled at our approach. Fifteen minutes later we were floundering about in the darkness in search of the American Mission. As public lighting and public amusements do not exist in Anatolian towns, it is with striking suddenness that at dusk their commerce-crammed streets transform themselves into black labyrinths of barred doors and profound silence.

An Anatolian village consists of a dozen two-storied mud houses where families live in the attic and farm animals in the parlor. The flat mud roofs display drying peppers and squashes. Every well-regulated home contains a small stone roller wherewith the proprietor rolls his roof to keep the weeds down. The house is his own handiwork. There is no Mud Trust, so his materials cost him nothing.

While speeding along, I caught the weirdest of choral sounds, wafted, it seemed, from miles away—a kind of groaning and shrieking in intermingled notes. I thought of everything but what we sighted upon reaching the mountain top. It was merely oxcarts, a half-mile stretch of them; and the sound, which grew deafening as we overtook them, was produced by their solid wooden wheels grinding upon the ungreased wooden axles. There were 135 carts, and every driver lay curled up and sound asleep on a rug which would have graced a Fifth Avenue show-window. "They plod along like this for hundreds of miles and at all

hours," explained my friend. "If the ox stops, the screech stops also, and the driver wakes up—a kind of reverse alarm clock. The louder the screech, the higher price a cart will bring. Once I foolishly undertook to lubricate a cart. The owner was furious about it and threatened to have me jailed if I didn't immediately put the screech back again."

At the next village, where a fire was raging, our passage was delayed while a local priest cut a lamb's throat in midroad, scattering the blood up and down—a rite which was supposed to prevent the flames from crossing. Animal sacrifice is still common in Anatolia. Individuals will "vow" a sheep in the event of some relative's recovery from illness. A farming community will organize its springtime sacrifice as an appeal to Heaven for rain. Tree-worship, also, persists in a modified form, and during that day we passed more than one low tree, standing solitary in the plain, aflutter with strips of travelers' garments hung thereon as votive offerings.

Next to an American stock exchange, an oriental bazar is the greatest talkfest in the world. Persian, Jewish, and Syrian merchants discuss prices and politics, as from the backs of their kneeling camel trains tumble bales of Bokhara rugs and Damascus silks. Small boys fly about with glasses of tea wherewith to slake throats dry from bargain arguments. Everywhere porters are shouting for right of way, bazar-keepers are crying praises of their wares, and squatting beggars are wailing for alms.

I don't know which the American relief unit greeted the more warmly, ourselves or our weighty tin of "axle grease," whose actual contents proved to be \$50,000 in gold. For a year my chauffeur had been transporting such sums across Anatolia. He regarded mere brigands to be a better risk than Turkish officials, and his favorite method of eluding the latter was to carry the money in greenbacks, sewed up in strings of sausage-skins, Mohammedans having an aversion to pork in any form.

In Devastated Ireland

Adapted from *The Yale (Quarterly) Review* (April, '23)

Stephen Gwynn

A CLUB is a useful place when you have been blown up, and I have just been breakfasting with a senator, who therefore expects from day to day to hear the same of his abode. The morning's paper contained accounts of the burning of a large mansion in the same county—the second within a week in that area—and in neither of these cases had the occupants or owners even given any cause of offense; they were neither journalists, nor senators, nor servants or helpers of the Government. My senator friend was, however, even more concerned for his railway than for his home. Train after train has been derailed or burnt or sent driverless under steam to smash what it may encounter. Another of our club group was a country gentleman who had just been raided, and his motor taken from him. "After all," he said, "we were lucky. I've had the use of it till now, and few can say as much!"

At present the official view of Northern Ireland is that the Irish Government in Dublin is making very determined and creditable efforts to cope with a difficult situation and are deserving of all support. It is certainly true that they have executed fifty-five persons (officially) since November; but I cannot myself see that we are any nearer to peace and the beginnings of civilization. What is clear is this: We are in the same state as was common in the Middle Ages, when competing free companies ranged over a country, and occasionally met in encounter. The casualties were never alarming. There was no very clear dividing line of principles between them and a man might always find it convenient to

transfer his allegiance. But the last thing that either side wanted was peace, for peace meant disbandment. The people who wanted peace were the population among whom they operated and who found the presence of friendly troops only a little less disagreeable than that of the enemies, and who, being unarmed, without any assured protection, were much disposed to have friends in both camps.

So destruction goes on practically without let or hindrance. Trains are wrecked by a party which gathers, perhaps a hundred strong, and spends hours in making its preparations, a few miles from a strong garrison of troops. Troops are not quick to act on intelligence; also they are spied upon and their service is probably honeycombed with treachery, as was the British when the British were endeavoring to do what the Irish Government has in hand today. The wrecking of houses is a simpler operation and involves less organization. Take my own case. A couple of boys of eighteen with revolvers strolled about till they met a tradesman's motor van delivering parcels. They held up the driver and ordered him to drive to my house in the suburbs, about four in the afternoon. An unarmed policeman was in the road outside but naturally enough saw nothing to be alarmed at. They came up the drive to the door, and told the maids to get their belongings and clear out; and to tell me that this was a reprisal for some man whom the Government had executed and also for the "non-sympathy" of my articles in the press. The daughter of the house arrived on the scene and was allowed

two minutes to take away a few belongings; then she was sent off in one direction while the boys re-joined the motor on the road as the house went up. The policeman saw the van drive away.

Obviously the risk is very small to the gentlemen who undertake it. It is true that if in its course the commandeered driver, meeting a party of troops (as he must almost certainly have done more than once) had run his car into the pavement and faced his risks the enterprise was spoilt. But nobody in Ireland is of a humor to take such risks: and so we go on. It is nothing that the lives of ministers are in danger and President Cosgrave's house was a natural mark when they could not reach himself. But Sir Horace Plunkett's house was destroyed, first by a bomb, and then, when it became known that much of the building remained and that valuable pictures by Irish artists had escaped they went back and burnt it out. I suppose no man has labored harder to be of service to Ireland than Sir Horace Plunkett and he has been lenient in his view of the methods by which Sinn Féin fought its fight. Colonel Moore, a distinguished British officer, went a good deal further than Sir Horace in support of the Irish Republican army; but he also became a senator and his home in Mayo is destroyed. It was the home of his father, and from it George Henry Moore kept thousands of starving people alive in 1840; in the great famine none died on his wild remote estate. He threw into that abyss of misery the great winnings he had made riding a horse of his own breeding over the hardest steeplechase course in England. These things have ceased to count.

There is, I think, an idea moving vaguely but with increasing distinctness in the popular mind that this campaign of destruction may have its compensating advantage for the small Irish landowner. When life becomes impossible for the owners of the big houses, land will come cheaply into the market—perhaps merely for the trouble of taking. The workmen have also the idea of a general annexation of the plant of capital—though I doubt if this goes far. They don't trust themselves to work the railways or factories; the men on the land to trust themselves to put cattle on it. Naturally I do not think that this transformation would be good for Ireland. I am not sure whether the present Government would be wholly averse to ridding Ireland of the elements in it which descend from the people to whom property was given by Cromwell and by William of Orange, thus restoring all property and all power to the descendants of the older inhabitants. But I am sure that the Government desires that property and power should continue to exist: they are not Bolsheviks in any sense, and I think they realize that you cannot drive out a whole propertied class without risk to the institution of property. Up till now, however, all their action lends itself to the view that they would risk much rather than allow the class which they consider as alien to regain any kind of leadership in the country, or any influence in the military forces. They had much sooner have a bad army with officers of the new type than a good one with officers of the old school. That is why Ireland is today a devastated area.

I count the Digest the finest little magazine, and I read it regularly from cover to cover.—Asa J. Ferry, D.D., 5546 Kenmore Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

It is great. Every number full of good things. You are doing a great good.—R. B. Holden, Badger, South Dakota.

Armies Do Get Tired of Standing

Condensed from Collier's, The National Weekly (May 5, '23)

"WHAT'S happened now?" asked the News-Stand Man, looking up from a movie dodger that announced "Why Wives Leave Home in Two Parts."

"We've recovered the spirit of '76—that's what!" exclaimed Uncle Henry. "The saxophone an' ukulele have been put aside at last, an' the fife an' drum are restored to their proper places in American life. Once again we're a proud people with a chip on our shoulder, takin' nobody's dare an' eager to step across any line drawn by the insolent toe of another nation."

"With all these arms conferences an' namby-pamby peace talk, there were moments when it seemed that the United States meant to take its place with China, adoptin' the language of flowers an' turnin' the army over to the Association for Organized Play. That Washin'ton conference certainly had a gloomy look for a long while—everybody clamorin' for disarmament an' wantin' navies reduced to a point where practice maneuvers could be held in a bird bath. Balfour wept at mere thought of the millions wasted on engines of destruction, an' when Charlie Hughes voiced his vision of a warless world, with a World Court decidin' vexed questions like the rules governin' international croquet matches, the French delegates kissed him twice before armed guards could be called."

"No question, either, that the idea had popular appeal. No matter where you go you hear a howl about taxes. I can remember when no one dreamed of askin' the cost of a battleship, a Secretary of the Navy jes' walkin' into the United States Steel Corporation, buyin' three or four to take home with him, an' orderin' four or five more to be sent up on approval. But when the announcement

was made at last that there wasn't goin' to be any more naval competition, it looked as if the time had come to send the old American eagle to the broodery.

"I was fooled myself at first. But when I saw it was only dreadnought buildin' that had been cut down, I got the idea. Fast cruisers, submarines, an' aircraft weren't mentioned. After that it was only a simple matter of swingin' the old publicity machinery back into action."

"After a few weeks definite proofs of perfidy commenced to be given. A High Authority Whose Name Cannot Be Mentioned told of vast shipbuildin' operations bein' carried on in Japan under the guise of vegetable gardenin'. A Prominent Official Speaking in Confidence disclosed information that all the pleasure boats on the Thames had been fitted out with periscopes an' depth bombs."

"Before long the Bureau of Naval Intelligence began to get busy with reports. It seems the trained sleuths of Mr. Denby, disguised as jinrickshaws, penetrated the interior of Japan, as far as Chicago, an' found the whole people in a frenzy of ship-buildin'. Even little children were bein' put to work, makin' boats on every pond. Other sleuths spent months in the public houses of England, an' from the gossip of sailors, an' diligent use of the ouija board, laid bare the treachery of England. In the secret endeavor to recapture naval supremacy, even gravy boats were bein' collected."

"So we're at it again, Barney. I see by the paper that Mr. Denby an' his experts are goin' to ask Congress for appropriations that will put us back in the navy-buildin' race so we can fittin'ly uphold the great maritime traditions of Topeka an' other

historic ports. Before we get through we'll have more battleships to junk than England an' Japan put together. Needless to say, Admiral Sims is on the job with all of his old spirit. Did you see where he said that 'There isn't a competent military critic on any newspaper in the United States, while on the other side there isn't a newspaper without one?'

"Poor Sims! Life in this crude country is jes' one disappointment after another, an' his one hope is to go to England when he dies. The idea, as I understand it, is to turn all the sportin' editors into military experts. Sims is right. You can't have the true martial spirit without military critics. It takes years of practice before a man can be sure of bein' wrong all the time.

'It's not the navy that's back on the job, but the army as well. Good old Weeks! As long as there's a single person left in the United States to pay taxes, he'll show Europe that they can't beat *him*. This year alone the army is goin' to cost us \$330,074,738.87. I reckon that 87 cents is for the League of Nations campaign fund. Whatever else you say about Hardin', he's always fair.

"See here what it says: 'Enlisted strength of the regular army, 125,000; officers, 12,000; Philippine Scouts, 7,000; reserve officers, 104,000; National Guard, 215,000; young men in schools and colleges, 110,000; civilians trained the current year in camps, 22,000; civilians to be trained in the next fiscal year, 30,000.'

"Almost twice what it was before the war! An' provision is made for double the number. Congress has ordered the purchase of supplies suf-

ficient for two field armies of 1,000,000 men, an' as fast as they rot or spoil, more supplies will be bought. The next war isn't goin' to catch us nappin'. No, indeed! Before it reaches the front gate we'll be out of the house, everything packed an' ready, even down to some rollickin' marchin' song. Senator Lodge has asked the Boston Conservatory of Music to get to work on one.

"Jes' like old times, isn't it? I was in Washin'ton a week or so ago an' you wouldn't have known it for the same place. Instead of the old gloom, admirals madcapped in the street like so many schoolboys. Up on top of the Washin'ton Monument you could see the telescopes of the General Staff eagerly scannin' the horizon for signs of international insult, an' all the Strategy Boards were in constant session, figurin' plans of resistance in case the enemy fleet penetrated as far as Kansas City, an' debatin' the use of sandbags or trenches in fortifyin' the front porch at Marion.

"Of course the beggarly millions we're goin' to spend on the army an' navy this year don't seem much compared to the \$1,600,000,000 they cost us in 1920. But put it by the side of the measly little \$11,000,000 it took to run the army an' navy in 1845—an' that was when we were ready to fight Mexico. You can see from that jes' how far we've traveled. An' now that we've got started again good, after all the setback of that disarmament talk, you can bet we'll make the dust fly."

"Don't think you fool me," said the News-Stand Man grimly. "You're one of these League of Nations guys, tryin' to make a China out of us. Where'd we be if we didn't have a big standin' army?"

"Standin' armies are all right, I reckon," said Uncle Henry. "if they'd only stay that way. But history shows they soon get tired of standin'."

The Digest is the best summary of leading articles from the various magazines that have come to me. It is indispensable to the busy man or woman.—C. E. Spaulding, Superintendent of Schools, Tipton, Ind.

The following editorial comments appear in the magazines from which the articles were selected:

FIELDING H. YOST (p. 131), for 23 years has been watching the physical equipment of thousands of men and women in the University of Michigan. His fame as a football coach is great wherever the game is played; he is also Director of Intercollegiate Athletics, the Four-Year Course in Physical Education, and the Summer School for Athletic Coaching.

CORNELIA JAMES CANNON (p. 141) is a graduate of Radcliffe College. Her essay is indicative of a skilled observer who is philosopher as well.

ERNEST FLAGG (p. 143) is one of America's two or three greatest architects. He built the Singer Building in New York City, the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington and the Naval Academy at Annapolis. While designing large public buildings he has been experimenting with small private houses. He has put up more than 500 attractive houses at a saving of one-third their ordinary building cost. He has given the greater part of his life to the working out of ways and means to strip small houses of their sham; to make them cheaper and more substantial, and vastly better looking.

KATHERINE FULLERTON GEROULD (p. 147) is the author of "The Land of the Free," published in the January issue of Harper's. (Reader's Digest, Jan.) No article in any American periodical in recent years has created so great an amount of discussion. Her present contribution will, in the opinion of the Editors, equally challenge the interest of all thinking Americans.

DR. W. W. KEEN (p. 149) is a distinguished surgeon and writer who, in 1881, attended the International Medical Congress at London where he saw Pasteur receive a great ovation.

DR. HENRY S. PRITCHETT (p. 151), president of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, is one of the foremost educators of the country. He has been given the degree of LL.D. by 17 universities, and he is a member of many learned societies.

MALCOLM S. BIRD (p. 155) is Secretary of the Scientific American Psychic Investigation Committee. His investigations of British, French and German mediums are to be reported from month to month. This survey has no direct connection with the Scientific American prize offer of \$2500 to the first person producing a genuine psychic photograph, and \$2500 to the first person producing any other psychic phenomenon of the physical order under specified test conditions. Mr. Bird's investigation of European psychics is being carried out single-handed without the judges of the contest, and also without instrumental control.

ALBERT EDWARD WIGGAM (p. 165), a man of varied experience, as chemist, editorial writer, and lecturer, has spent the last 20 years in intimate contact with the constructive work being done by the great biologists in the laboratories of America and Europe.

CHARLES MERZ (pp. 167, 173) is a Yale man, 1915, and has had a wide journalistic experience both here and abroad. He was a first lieutenant with the A. E. F., and later was secretary to the American Commission to Negotiate Peace. From 1919-20 he was associate editor of The New Republic. Then he went around the world, for the New York "World."

OSCAR KING DAVIS (p. 169) is Secretary of the National Foreign Trade Council, and author of "Our Conquests in the Pacific," and "Dewey's Capture of Manila."

ALFRED LUCKING (p. 171) is a distinguished member of the Detroit Bar.

W. E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS (p. 183) is director of publicity of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, editor of "The Crisis," and author of such books as "The Suppression of the Slave Trade," "The Souls of Black Folk," "John Brown," etc. He is also editor of the Atlanta University Studies of the Negro Problem.

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Enclosed find my renewal order for my assistant in my reading. Accept my thanks. Just think! An assistant for \$3 a year!—S. G. Livingston, 1107 Monterey Road, So. Pasadena, Calif.

No magazine has ever been so literally "devoured" in our home as has the copy—our first—of your Digest, received the other day. It is a god-send to a busy man.—James P. Lytle, 512 W. 172d St., New York City.

It is always an interesting day when the Digest arrives.—Dr. Jerome Davis, Dartmouth College, N. H.

I read more than a dozen magazines regularly but I think that the Digest is the most comprehensive, concise, and generally helpful magazine that I have discovered. The articles are admirably chosen.—Arnold E. Look, Chester, Pa.

Mightily pleased with the Digest. I am one of the many busy men who have been looking for this very thing.—S. T. Lippincott, 49 Railroad Ave., Taunton, Mass.

I have recommended it a score of times as the greatest periodical of the dozen for which we subscribe.—J. F. Boeye, 116 Wash. Ave. N., Mason City, Iowa.

The April number of The Reader's Digest seems to me the most important yet, and I congratulate you.—Dr. Lyman P. Powell, Educational Director, The Cosmopolitan, New York City.

Statement of ownership, etc., required by the Act of August 24, 1912, of The Reader's Digest, published monthly, at Floral Park, N. Y., for April 1, 1923. State of New York, County of Westchester, ss: Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared DeWitt Wallace, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Managing Editor of The Reader's Digest and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are: Publisher, The Reader's Digest Association, Pleasantville, N. Y. Editors, DeWitt Wallace, Pleasantville, N. Y.; Lila Bell Acheson, Pleasantville, N. Y.; H. J. Cubberley, Pleasantville, N. Y.; Managing Editor, DeWitt Wallace, Business Manager, None. 2. That the owners are: The Reader's Digest Association, Pleasantville, N. Y. Stockholders holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock: DeWitt Wallace, Lila Bell Acheson, H. J. Cubberley. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company as trustees or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, if given; also that the two said paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. DeWitt Wallace (Signature of Managing Editor.) Sworn to and subscribed before me this 7th day of April, 1923. Geo. H. Cornell, Notary Public.